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The Closed Arena

BY S. S. VAN DINE

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Is every human being at heart a criminal? The creator of Philo Vance, whose name has become a synonym for the best in detective stories, explains the avidity of the public for trials—the closed arena where man is battling for life and liberty.

A trial is in its substance a struggle, a battle in a closed arena. It is a shock of contending forces, a contest which may arouse the fiercest passions. . . . Faithfully reported, a trial is a living picture; it brings us nearer to life than the best literature; you hear the voices; it is life itself.—SIR JOHN MACDONELL: "Historical Trials."

THERE is perhaps no form of literature more universally popular than that which deals with the pursuit of the criminal. Yet of all the intense and momentous dramas of human existence, the one that is most neglected and, at the same time, richest in literary possibilities, begins when the malefactor has been gyved and placed behind the bars. The physical battle is ended; the battle of wits begins. Guilty or innocent, the prisoner will spend every dollar he possesses to regain his freedom. With death or long imprisonment the penalty of failure, he will beggar himself to employ the most brilliant and resourceful legal talent. The stage is set; the curtain rises; and the future of the protagonist depends upon whether twelve of his fellow citizens—those humorously designated *probi et legales homines*—decide that he is indeed the villain of the piece, or merely the persecuted hero.

The cardinal reason, I believe, why the literature of this form of drama is so barren is that the *mise-en-scène* is woefully lacking in external color and movement. Court-rooms are the dullest and, with the exception of night clubs, usually the worst ventilated places discoverable in any modern city. Behind a high, atrociously designed bench of quarter-sawed oak a judge bends his head eruditely over his papers and wonders if next Sunday he will succeed in making the seventh hole in four. At their tables the newspaper reporters nibble their pencils, dream amorously of Earl Carroll's coryphées, and speculate on how they can manufacture a sensation for the front page. The spectators yawn cavernously and wish they had gone to see Clara Bow's new film. The jurors strive against insurmountable odds, hereditary and cranial, to appear intelligent, and pretend (without the slightest success) that they have not already made up their minds as to the verdict. The prosecuting attorney, worrying about the next elec-

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tion, is only half convinced of the soundness of his case, and sighs lugubriously when the counsel for the defense indulges in a meandering cross-examination.

Not an exciting, or even a coruscating, setting. And so the scriveners have turned to other human comedies for material. But, for all the dulness and imbecility of legal trials, a human life is at stake. On a word, or a look, or the æsthetic contour of a female nether limb, the entire burlesque tragedy may suddenly shift. Therein lies the drama.

An unexpected question may be put by the defense lawyer. The public prosecutor will stiffen in his chair; the judge will lift an eyebrow; and the reporters will give over their voluptuous dreams and lend an ear. Drama—real, Euripidesian drama—has come into being.... The principal witness stammers—has been caught in a contradictory statement. Counsel for the defense leaps at him—pours quick, machine-gun questions—gives him no time to think, to explain. The court-room tingles; the judge blinks rapidly; spectators buzz; jurors lean forward; objections are raised, and there is much entrancing sesquipedalianism concerning incompetency, irrelevancy, and immateriality. Neither the jurors nor the spectators are entirely clear on the meaning of these words... but, once the objection is overruled, the prisoner is acquitted, and he may go forth and sin some more.

A slip of the tongue, an unintentional revelation of a deliberately concealed fact, a weakening of a positive identification—and a guilty man has escaped; or an innocent man has been saved from prison or death; or (as is not uncommon) a spotless citizen has been sent to the electric chair.

No one but the defendant himself may ever know the whole truth. But in that brief moment the dull and frowsty court-room has become a living stage for an intense drama of life. Often it seems that the entire machinery of the law has been devised for the sole purpose of giving the criminal every opportunity to escape his just deserts; but there are few judges who will not subscribe oracularly to the ancient maxim: "Better let ninety-nine guilty men escape than one innocent man be convicted."

Up to a century ago it would have been difficult to find many adherents to this principle among those responsible for the enforcement of law. Until then it was as much as a man's life was worth to be accused of any kind of crime, from petty larceny to *lèse-majesté*. History records innumerable *soi-disant* trials, such as that of the brilliant thinker and scientist Servetus, who was burned to death with his books in 1553 for no cause apparent to-day except that the eminent reformer John Calvin hated him, feared his influence, and accused him of heresy. The city of Geneva looked on unmoved, and Sir John Macdonell, commenting upon the tragedy in his "Historical Trials," says: "A trial such as that is a trial of the people among whom it takes place, and his condemnation is theirs also."

However, I doubt if group responsibility often expresses itself in the formulas of law, which are more frequently a seven-months' offspring of group fear or group fanaticism. Modern criminal jurisprudence is the inevitable child of the sporting instinct of the Anglo-Saxon. As this more liberal attitude toward the prisoner developed, many men have won fame and fortune through their abilities as counsel for the defense. Until modern times the achievements which have made international reputations for such defenders as Fernand Labori, Henri-Robert, Lachaud, Emil

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Neuda, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, Sir Alfred Tobin, Sir Charles Gill, Delphin M. Delmas, and Clarence Darrow would have been impossible.

How often, one may ask, have such men as these been convinced of the innocence of their clients—how often had full knowledge of their guilt? In "A Gallery of Rogues" Charles Kingston asks: "Should counsel continue to defend a client who has confessed his guilt to him?" He cites the problem which confronted Charles Phillips, a great English barrister, engaged to defend Benjamin Courvoisier, charged with the murder of Lord William Russell early in the nineteenth century. The defendant was the victim's valet, and robbery was the motive. Courvoisier (who, incidentally, had nothing to do with Napoleon's favorite *cognac*) waited until a night when he and his master were alone in the house. Then disrobing, so there would be no telltale stains, he stabbed the sleeping nobleman, washed his hands and the knife, and went back to bed. The evidence was purely circumstantial, and Phillips fought desperately for an acquittal.

For some perverse reason, Courvoisier, toward the close of the trial, confessed his guilt to his counsel. Phillips was stunned. He privately informed the judge of the facts, but his lordship instructed him he had no alternative but to do his utmost for his client. Phillips made a powerful plea, but—to his secret satisfaction, no doubt—the valet was found guilty and hanged.

As a rule, even the most upright lawyers find technical justification for defending men of whose guilt they are certain. Sir Edward Marshall Hall had one of the keenest minds in the entire English bar, and in a letter to the Bishop of Croydon he wrote: "I am one of those who think that no man is too bad to try to save." In the same letter he admitted that he was convinced that George Joseph Smith—the brides-of-the-bathtub murderer—was responsible for the deaths of all three women. And he must have known that the unspeakable Frederick Seddon deliberately murdered Eliza Barrow. In Hall's biography, "For the Defense," he is quoted as saying when he accepted the Seddon brief: "This is the blackest case I've ever been in." And, but for his fatal mistake of pressing too far what seemed a winning point, Seddon might have cheated the rope that he so richly deserved.

Seddon was accused of killing Miss Barrow with arsenic administered in food and medicine. Cross-examining the prosecution's poison expert, Sir William Willcox, Hall brought out the fact that traces of arsenic had been found in the hair of the deceased, and that it would have taken a year or more for the poison to have worked to such a point after having been introduced into the system. The obvious conclusion was that Miss Barrow herself had long been taking some sort of medicine which contained arsenic, and that this self-administered medicine would account for the poison found in her remains. Hall then made one of the few tactical blunders of his career. Anxious to impress the point upon the jury, he kept pounding at it until he set the toxicologist to pondering. Sir William went to his laboratory, made a few experiments, and discovered that hair which had merely lain in the blood-saturated fluid in the victim's coffin would retain traces of arsenic even after it had been thoroughly washed. He so testified later in the trial, and Seddon was hanged.

It was not recorded in "For the Defense" that Sir Marshall Hall ever refused to undertake a defense because he knew his man was guilty, but there was

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one famous occasion when he declined because his plan of defense was rejected. This was the case of another notorious poisoner—Doctor Harvey Crippen of unsavory fame. Hall's strategic outline was that, while Crippen undoubtedly gave his wife the poison which caused her death, it was not done with intent to kill, but merely to produce unconsciousness, so he might have a few uninterrupted hours of amour with his secretary, Ethel Le Neve. The best that Crippen could have hoped for, should this defense have proved successful, was a verdict of manslaughter. But he insisted upon staking everything on a complete acquittal. He did so, lost, and went to the gallows.

Turning from the defense to the prosecution, the ear is assailed by the sound of triumphant trombones in the comments on these two poison trials in Sidney Theodore Felstead's "Famous Criminals and Their Trials," an account of the career of Sir Richard Muir. This doughty knight prosecuted scores of accused murderers, and always considered that justice had been thwarted when his quarry escaped the death penalty.

There was the uproarious case of Steinie Morrison, convicted of enticing a purchaser of stolen jewelry to Clapham Common, and there killing him, with robbery as the motive. Perjury was rampant on both sides, and a heated controversy over the verdict brought Morrison a Home Office reprieve to life imprisonment. Muir declared that this was a great mistake, but admitted later that "if Curtis Bennett or Marshall Hall had conducted the defense Morrison would have gone free."

Here is the heaven-kissing legal mind in all its dazzling splendor. Muir had secured a conviction, and therefore believed the man should hang; but he saw so many flaws in his own proof that he knew his case could have been refuted to the satisfaction of a jury if the defense had been sufficiently clever.

It is because such quirks of legal psychology are frequently exposed to public view that the commonalty has come to look upon the courts with cynical suspicion, believing that justice is not so blind but that she can occasionally wink in friendly spirit at a shrewd lawyer. The obvious reply that neither side has a monopoly on cleverness does not inflame the public with confidence.

Yet the very keenness of the legal mind, waiting foxlike to take advantage of the slightest opening, can sometimes destroy its own purpose. Such a drama of a battle lost, won, and lost again in a few minutes, is related by Charles Kingston in his "Dramatic Days at the Old Bailey."

Henry Wainwright, a brushmaker of London's East End, had murdered a young woman named Harriet Lane and buried her mutilated corpse in an old warehouse, where it was not discovered until a year later. He was accused of the murder, and, while there was no doubt that he had killed the girl, he could not be found guilty unless the remains could be positively identified—our old friend, the *corpus delicti,* immortalized by Melville Davisson Post.

Miss Lane's father had made the identification, but Edward Besley, a barrister noted for his ability to bully and confuse witnesses, argued that the condition of the corpse made positive identification impossible. He wrung from Mr. Lane the admission that he "believed" the remains were his daughter's but could go no farther because the features were unrecognizable. This might easily have acquitted the murderer, but in his elation Besley kept hammering at the witness. Mr. Lane, instead of becoming confused, began to think. At length he exclaimed:

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"I've just remembered that when Harriet was a little girl she was scalded on the right leg, and the scar was so deep it never disappeared!"

The prosecution leapt at the point, had the body exhumed, found the scar, and hanged Wainwright.*

The cleverness of lawyers is not always merely a matter of taking advantage of an unexpected turn of events at the trial. Frequently it lies in a boldly designed plan of campaign. Such campaigns often establish precedents and make court history. For instance, when Daniel Sickles was acquitted of the murder of Philip Barton Key in Washington, just before the Civil War, his lawyer, Stanton, carved the "unwritten law" on the statutes of this country. And when Delmas coined the phrase *"dementia Americana"* in his defense of Harry K. Thaw, he started trouble for prosecuting attorneys all over these United States.

Not, however, until Justice, peeping from under her loosely tied bandage, sees a pretty face in the prisoner's dock, does she clutch her robes with trembling fingers and resign herself to the inevitable. A California prosecutor, C. C. McComas, once remarked to me: "You can't convict a voluptuous woman with a jury of sex-conscious males." (I paraphrase his exact words for fear of offending the sensitivities of the readers of this great moral monthly.) Yet even Mr. McComas might have been amazed at the outcome of the trial of Elizabeth Laws, as related by Charles Kingston in "The Judges and the Judged." Her acquittal not only astonished the judge, the counsel for both prosecution and defense, and the spectators, but completely amazed the pretty defendant herself. Moreover, it shook many an Englishman's simple and childlike faith in the jury system.

Elizabeth was a maid-servant in the home of an elderly woman in Chatham. Coming in late one night, she was rebuked by her mistress, and impulsively killed her. The facts were quite clear, and the most her counsel dared hope for was to cajole a susceptible jury into returning a verdict of manslaughter. Why she was acquitted has never been satisfactorily explained, although the cynical may hazard a guess. In any event, I imagine that the married jurors underwent a bit of unpleasant cross-examination at home!

The next day the toothsome Elizabeth, first making sure she could never again be tried on the murder charge (on the absurd principle of double jeopardy, or *"autrefois acquit"*), confessed in detail. The Crown then displayed a vindictive and unsportsmanlike spirit. Disarmed and helpless, as far as the murder was concerned, the prosecutor sent the hussy to jail for six months for the theft of some trifling gewgaws which she had pilfered from the woman she killed.

The Laws case is an extreme example of the obstacles formerly encountered by prosecutors in bringing to book a luscious and delectable defendant of the unfair sex. Now that it has become the custom to include women in juries, it will be much more difficult for mongoose-eyed defendants to wheedle forth verdicts contrary to the evidence, to the law, and to common sense. *Eheu, eheu!*

It is a curious thing that all this drama of the court-room—with its humor, tragedy, absurdity, suspense, implacability, and unexpectedness—has not made a stronger appeal to the writers of novels and plays. When the court-room is introduced into fiction or upon the

*In the report of this case by Francis L. Wellman in "The Art of Cross-Examination"—in a quotation from the *London Law Journal* of 1902—the name of the defendant is given as Waring, and the name of the victim as Harriet Smith.

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stage it is ordinarily for a purely melodramatic or sentimental purpose. The brilliant young prosecuting attorney discovers that the aged lady he is trying to convict of murder is his own long-lost mother. Or, the defense attorney is placed in the predicament of disgracing his wife or letting his client go to jail. These are extraneous and superficial matters superimposed upon the trial scene, with no essential relation to the grim, terrible arena in which they occur.

The true literature of the court-room is almost non-existent outside of books which deal with actual trials. There is, for example, an impressive shelf of Notable British Trials, and another shelf of tomes called the Famous Trials Series. But, though as records they are excellent and interesting, each of the volumes in these two collections, after a brief résumé of the case, consists merely of a verbatim transcript of the testimony, the arguments of counsel on points of law, and the addresses to the jury. It often takes patience to uncover the passages where the ultimate clash of the drama is recorded.

These books are compilations by journalists, not transcriptions by literary artists. And yet had an imaginative creative writer undertaken the task and sought to probe the tremendous clash of life and death and human impulses which lay beneath the surface, there is scarcely one of these cases which could not have been made as profoundly fascinating as the most exciting novel. Basically they contain material arranged in an approximation of symphonic form—exposition, main theme, secondary theme, development section, recapitulation; andante pathétique; scherzo; finale allegro e grandioso, coda. But until the genius of composition arranges the material, they are mere Czerny exercises.

Less stenographic are the expositions of the comedies and tragedies of the law by such men as Charles Kingston, Leonard A. Parry, William Roughead, Edmund Lester Pearson, John Rhode, the Earl of Birkenhead, Filson Young, and Horace Wyndham. But even these authors are, in the main, servants rather than masters of their facts. There is in almost all of them at times a certain studied abstinence from passion or partisanship. And necessarily so. When the principals of the drama are still living the reporter must be wary, not merely to avoid offense, but lest he be enmeshed in the ridiculous law of libel.

When Edmund Lester Pearson wrote "Studies in Murder" Lizzie Borden was alive, and his account of her trial on the charge of murdering her father and stepmother has all the earmarks of a piece of delicate literary tight-rope walking. Here was a killing which, in itself, was commonplace and sordid; and the investigation offered little opportunity for detective work. It was not until the enigmatic spinster was arrested and brought to bar that the bleak and heart-chilling drama of a small New England town was staged.

Mr. Pearson appreciates the drama, but, conscious of the perils attending a false step, he can make no effort to paint an impressionist canvas; rather, he must satisfy himself with focussing his camera and producing a print on which the details are photographed clearly. His essay is a charming, workmanlike performance in advanced journalism—in the circumstances it was not the occasion to attempt an epic. Two years later, however, in his "Murder at Smutty Nose," he added a postscript to the Borden case. Lizzie had then passed to her Maker, and Mr. Pearson became infinitely franker.

That the inexhaustible mine of the court-room should be constantly ignored

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by creative artists is the more surprising in view of the daily reminders supplied by the popular press. The problem of the circulation department of any daily newspaper is solved as soon as a person whose arrest has created any considerable stir in the country goes to trial. Whether it is a corporation president accused of some highly technical offense, or a restless wife who has rid herself of a husband for whom she has lost her taste, an avid public will buy up edition after edition as fast as the presses can turn them out. Why? Because life and liberty are at stake in the last irrevocable throw of the dice. A criminal trial is always "first page with pictures." It does not matter that every detail of the crime has been rehashed and regurgitated before the case comes to court, the newspaper reports of the dramatic battle, when the victim comes to death-grips with fate, are bolted as if they were fresh food.

The financial unpleasantness last fall would have been modified in marked degree if there had been, during those febrile days, a sensational trial of a beautiful blonde accused of murder or blackmail, to divide interest with the stock quotations. Market reports as news can compete successfully with congressional speeches and the latest endurance flights, but let a new Nan Patterson be accused of shooting another Cæsar Young, and the figures would tend to slink to their accustomed obscurity of agate type in that part of the paper now commonly used to lend the color of respectability to the transportation of synthetic gin. In last year's lamentable Wall Street crisis the show girls of New York signally failed their country. Even the trial in November of George A. McManus for shooting the gambler Arnold Rothstein, which followed close upon the crash, drove all other news—including President Hoover's message to Congress—to a secondary position.

This public desire for reports of criminal cases is no morbid taste. The fact that it exists so extensively and intensively among the wholesome people who patronize the motion-pictures and voted for Calvin Coolidge proves the absurdity of any such suggestion. On the contrary, it is a perfectly healthy and normal appetite. Not only does the court-room drama provide entertainment far more exciting than the tepid, stereotyped drama of the stage (because it is a play which may have either a happy or an unhappy ending), but it enables men and women to see themselves vicariously as they would appear in such a crisis. "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," remarked that Protestant martyr of the early sixteenth century; and a few years later, God's grace failing him, he went the same road and was burned at the stake.

It may not be true, as Pope said in his "Moral Essays," that "every woman is at heart a rake," but in the absolute sense it is true that every human being is at heart a criminal. This does not mean that every man begins his day with a specific desire to rob or kill. But suppose that it were possible, by some process of thought alone, for a man to extract a million non-traceable dollars from the United States Treasury—that is, suppose a man could sit in a room, alone, and wish this sum into his possession. Who, indeed, could be trusted not to deplete our national wealth? Who could not argue with himself convincingly that he could do much good with this money?

The truth is that the resistance of humanity to temptation is in direct ratio to the fear of detection and punishment. But that fear cannot be removed, and so the "respectable" citizen devours the re-

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ports of trials of those who were less fearful, and gives thanks to his God that he is not as other men.

"If thoughts could kill" is a phrase so often used in a jocular sense that it has little intrinsic significance. But forget its lightness for a moment, and try to imagine the consequences if thoughts actually could kill. There would be small need of birth-control propaganda. Unburied corpses would clog the thoroughfares of every city. How many men and women are there who have never harbored for some person a dislike so intense that they would have secretly welcomed the news of that person's sudden death?

That is what it means to be at heart a criminal; and it is a practically universal condition. That is why the greatest drama in the world is the drama of the court-room—that closed arena where the prisoner battles for his life. He may have overcome his fear and defied the law to capture him and prove his guilt. Or, he may have forgotten his fear and, in a moment of passion, struck blindly. (Are we not all victims, in some degree, of our passions?) Or, a cog may have slipped in the machinery of the law, and he may not have committed the crime of which he stands accused. Who knows the truth? Only the defendant. But whatever the facts, humanity is deeply and personally interested. . . . There, but for the grace of God, goes any one of us!

The Protestant Advantage

A PROTESTANT'S PLEA FOR PROTESTANTISM

BY CHARLES HALL PERRY

Having written "The Catholic Advantage" and "God—An Apology," Mr. Perry now brings his argument home to the Protestants.

In Scribner's for October, 1929, was printed an article entitled "The Catholic Advantage." I had hoped that the article would stir some interest, awaken a consideration of the Protestant problem. But I was much surprised by the flood of letters which came to my desk—from Catholics and from many in Protestant denominations—some scathingly critical of author and article, others commendatory. The problem was sore. A touch upon it made them wince.

One letter was more to me than all the others. It was not controversial, held neither praise nor censure. It was a charitable effort to understand. The letter was like a snap-shot portrait. I could easily see the writer. A woman, forty to forty-five, gentle, refined, religious, quite positive in convictions; a Protestant by birth, culture and choice. Behind her are generations of Protestantism; before her many more—because her kind will always weigh ideas and decide

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intellectually. One sentence in her letter was the norm of the whole—"Is there not a Protestant Advantage equally worthy of consideration?"

Immediately my answer is in the affirmative. However, along with that agreement spring many questions. Does Protestantism realize that it has an advantage? Does it at all agree upon what it is? Is it making an effective use of it? Has it a consecration unselfish enough to make the sacrifices which are necessary to win the *summum bonum* of its advantage? Above all, has Protestantism the prophetic vision without which men perish?

Advantages must square to ambitions. It is no advantage to the miser that he can multiply money. With every dollar he hoards he grows the poorer. Gain depends upon expenditure. Conquest enslaves the conqueror. Material success in a spiritual affair gives the lie to the worth of the advantage. Spirit is born of spirit, not of flesh—not even of mésalliance. Let us study the Protestant advantage.

I

To get at the reality of the Protestant advantage it is most helpful to readjust our conception of Protestantism. That name, as an obloquy, was thrust upon the religious reformers by their enemies, in the heat of a council quarrel. It represents only a fraction of the universal awakening. Any such wide-spread revolutionary movement as possessed the Reformation centuries has its origin in popular consciousness—a pervasion of independence and self-realization—which awaits its focus in the event and the man. Religious reforms catch their chance in political wranglings. In that manner came what we know as Protestantism. Its roots were in the heart of a sluggishly awakening people. Its opportunity arrived in the quarrels of rulers—both ecclesiastical and royal.

The great Reformation had been seething to an outbreak for over two centuries. The new intellectual freedom was gathering into centres of influence. Popular unrest was a consequence. Naturally, external conditions interested them at the first. It takes a long while for a questioning of religious habitude to take form. There is nothing more stubborn than religious inheritance. But the common people were beginning to think and an awakened human reason is bound to compare its instinctive spiritual ideas with the mechanical processes of a material and grasping ecclesiasticism.

In the fifteenth century printing-presses were starting—Coster in Haarlem, Gutenberg in Mainz, Caxton in Westminster—an invention of more stupendous results than any other given to man, as mental and spiritual regeneration transcends physical comfort or material power. Truth became gifted with the dissemination of the botanical composites. The New Learning was opening liberal interpretations of thought and reason. Colet, Erasmus, More, Calvin, Luther, and a hundred others soon were writing and thundering declarations and invectives. Radical and dogmatic as their pronouncements were, they were none too violent and loud to summon the revolt. Wycliffe's and Luther's translations placed the whole Bible in the hands of the people. The transfer of allegiance from the old infallibility at Rome to the new in a book was instantaneous and complete. It opened to them an undreamed concept of personal religion. "The just shall live by faith" banished all confidence in an autocratic priesthood and the dispensation of in-

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dulgences. Man's immediate intercourse with God without the intermediary of function or functionary was a revelation of human dignity and worth. It was in this awakened self-consciousness, still fettered by tradition and habit but ready to respond to leadership, that the new Christianity was to find its impulse.

For a long while there was no thought of forming a new Church. Reform was hoped for within the old. But Rome had no patience, no foresight, and drove them out with anathema against disloyalty and heresy. Rome was the first Protestant—a reproach later hurled at the reformers. They accepted it defiantly. The contest was on. Personal religious liberty against spiritual autocracy.

So Protestantism was born out of the womb of a humanity impregnated with reason. At the first, Protestantism was a positive assertion of principles and of rights in belief and worship. But the bitterness of the fight, as so often, swung into a propaganda of negations. Sadly, that characteristic has survived as the common estimate of Protestantism. Men forget that its inception was in the new faith of an expanding humanity and that the contest with Rome was a consequence. Negation has ever been a futility. Such movements always suffer the fate of inward disintegration and a missing of essential purposes.

Whatever Catholicism may yet hold of its ancient theories, the evidence is beyond controverting that it has liberalized in mind and method under the compelling influence of modern scholarship. The anti-Roman phase of Protestantism has become an anachronism. The time is ripe for a vigorous emphasis upon the original and essential spirit of the religious renaissance. Those old wind-mills against which Protestantism felt obliged to joust in all sincerity are to-day cherished antiquities. Though here and there some piously bigoted Quixotes remain scared of Roman intrigues, yet their protests do nothing else than break their own lances for the amusement of the populace. A narrow-minded and hot-headed senator may rave; a secret order may put on the trappings of sheets and pillow-cases; in southern hills, antediluvian sects may froth at the mouth, yet the hearts of Christ's men are coming to sympathy in a great common cause.

When one sees in a morning paper a photographic group of three men in friendly, smiling discussion—a prominent Jesuit priest, a leading Hebrew rabbi, and an influential leader among the Methodists—when one reads that they are but one of several groups in a large conference "attacking age-old problems of religious intolerance and misunderstanding from frank and sympathetic points of view," then one stops to readjust estimates. One is moved to think that negation and antagonism should be comprehended as weak and unworthy, that Protestantism had best go back to rediscover its original and vital advantage.

II

It is not surprising that the leaders of the Protestant Reformation did not understand their own movement—its origin and its purpose. The immediate conflict was too near at hand. No age can quite interpret its present-day spirit or read its own prophecy. It takes historical perspective. Who could foresee? Where could faith find vision to construct the future? King John's barons at Runnymede—the Magna Charta as the corner-stone of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. Our forefathers at Philadelphia —to-day the whole world of men demanding that government shall rest

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upon the consent of the governed. In a Bethlehem barn a new-born child swaddled in a rude feeding-box—the centuries fastening their hope and faith to the human divinity revealed in Him. An awakening people, blinking out of the lethargy of ignorance and submission. A lot of quarrelling priests and friars, involved in dogmatic disputes. What could they understand of the human miracle which four centuries were to accomplish? Beyond their horizon was the goal of that crusade of faith which, as a new Pentecost, was firing their crude but courageous revolt. They were pioneers and had the road to blaze and clear. Crowding upon them would come the stupendous civilization of the twentieth century with a humanity full awake in mind, morals, and prowess. A race of men demanding a religious faith free and big enough to match their reason and discoveries. Those reformers could not see or imagine it. But it is here. What is Protestantism going to do about it?

Quite natural was it then that the Protestant Reformation should become as narrow and dogmatic as the Roman Church. The reformers were fighting fire with fire. Flinging to opposite extremes, they were as intolerant of each other as of their ecclesiastical foes. They wrangled bitterly among themselves. A new bigotry possessed them, which would continue through Puritanism and to our own Fundamentalism. Not alone a condemnation of Catholicism, but the dogmatic assertions of rival religious cults seeking to dominate all individual liberty, not only of faith and worship, but also of personal relations, pleasures and customs. A lay sacerdotalism was as autocratic as Rome's; theology as rigid as Biblical excerpts could make it; and the cleavage between saints and sinners widened by the doctrines of original sin and predestination. Sectarianism reared a quarrelsome head.

However, they were building better than they knew. Also, another Builder was laying foundations. At the heart of the movement was that new germination—the start of humanity on the road of tremendous development. God's evolution of man was to go forward at an incredible pace. The spiritual emancipation might take centuries to accomplish its freedom. But the divine foresight saw, far ahead in years to come, a religious mankind thinking large thoughts, dreaming marvellous visions and understanding revelations beyond all before its day. God anticipated the unfolding of the human ego. Education, discovery and mental virility were to change a people, who plodded like cattle, who took their intellectual and religious pap predigested, whose conservatism was the contentment of the cat under the stove, into a race of independent, assertive, analyzing men. In a word the conglomerate of humanity was about to individualize. The processes of evolution had been preparing through æons for this era of development. Four centuries now were to see an unfolding of the human creature in a mental and moral expansion, surpassing the millions of years of adumbration. Neither Luther nor Zwingli nor Calvin—none of the host of reformers—not the princes at Spires nor the common people had a glimmer of the future. Perhaps in their harsh orthodoxy they would not have dared to uncork the bottle and let the genius of religious freedom out, could they have foreseen the giant of a reasonable faith filling the sky.

III

And so we come to to-day. Man of the

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western world is an associative and an individual democrat. Monarchies and hierarchies are in the discard. All authority originates from the demos. The popular estimate considers and defines political, social, and industrial principles. Equally are the tenets of religious systems weighed in its balances. Truth is a reconciliation with the reason of man and revelation is written upon the tablets of his intuition. In the vision of the new and appealing conception of God, in the modern realization of man's place in the world, religion takes on a hitherto unimagined freedom.

Christianity, in the simplicity and generosity of its Founder, holds our allegiance to its spirit. As an organon, it is presented by two historic interpretations —the Catholic and the Protestant. The one most in harmony with modern life has the advantage and will win. That presentation which is shackled to its antiquity, finding its infallible finalities denying progress; which lives content in the dark or twilight ages before the Reformation; and which shuts its heart and doors to the tremendous modern onsweep of the human advance, must sooner or later fail of appeal. The human, religious demand is for an interpretation of the nature, character and methods of God, for a conception of man's status in the universal Kingdom of Heaven, which shall be germane to this age of marvellous disclosures.

Therein lies the essential advantage of Protestantism. Catholicism is the hierarchy of Christianity; Protestantism its democracy. They differ as a cenotaph from a tree. The democrat is in the Church, as he is, himself, the State. A reversal of authority from the overlord to self-government is the spirit of the new humanity. Out of this awakened mankind come the new standards of living, an economic and scientific grasp upon the discovered mysteries and potencies of the natural world, and an inquiry, demanding adequate reply, of the meaning of this new faith, thinking, and freedom. Where crouched the serf yesterday, stands erect a freeman to-day. A religious democracy must link itself with assertive man. It must unencumber itself of the partial and outgrown conclusions of the past, whether in polity, theology, or humanity. Standing breast forward it will go on with the advance of all modern thought and discovery—the new science, the new philosophy, the new sociology, the new theology. Shall not religion see new revelations, written large and demanding interpretation? Has God finished inspiration, told all of infinite truth? We live in an era of stupendous miracles. The amazing wonder is man. God will match his capacity with gifts—power and truth.

It should be borne in mind that this article does not entail a discussion of Christianity or of the person of Jesus Christ. Religion is an integral part of human development and is interwoven with man's spiritual expansion. In the large, it is a racial instinct and no man, with due generosity toward other men, can do otherwise than feel fellowship with every sincere effort to know God and worship Him. The Christian will honor Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, Moses, and every other noble leader of the faith of his people, without in the least lessening his devotion to his Christ. Neither is a comparison of Catholicism and Protestantism an antagonizing critique. In this day men should be able to discuss their honest differences without rancor.

Protestantism has difficult problems to solve, before it can ever make effective use of its advantage—reconstruction within and an accomplished confidence

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without. There is no question but that Protestantism faces a popular antagonism. What a pity, when it was born out of the heart of the common people, that it should be estimated as a Dame Trot of prudish criticisms and a conglomerate of scholastic traditions! Here is the new world, as though it had been recreated almost overnight. Here is the new humanity, astounded at its sudden grasp upon the marvellous secrets of the universe. Man thinking new thoughts, remoulding old ideas into new conceptions, wondering if God is drawing nearer into a closer intimacy. And underneath, a vague hunger for a soul in his material progress—a spiritual interpretation commensurate with his physical grossness—something to make immortal his overweening earthliness.

Here is the challenge to Protestantism. To match this freedom of thought and doing, to minister to the instinctive spiritual craving—eager, though hidden in the heart of this practical age—with an adequate religious answer. Men say—we cannot accept yesterday's ideas and principles, unless they are restated in terms of modern understanding. Yesterday's man would not know our world—its astronomy, its chemistry, its physics, its light, its locomotion, its circling the earth in twenty seconds, its new woman, its philosophy and literature, its home comforts, its international fellowships, its social enfranchisement. How then shall we believe adequate the dogmatics and theologies which contented an era of candle-light and stage-coaches? Has the Church alone stood still in all these wonderful centuries? Did God speak once and then become dumb? Are there no new revelations, that we must test our faith by what men thought two thousand years ago? Has Protestantism a modern message for a modern world? Rooted in the heart of humanity, it should have grown in breadth and stature with all of God's mankind.

IV

Does any one, reading this article thus far, believe me lost to all common sense, blind to the present-day ineffectiveness of Protestantism? It is one thing to have a tremendous advantage and quite another to use it. For a genius to be a hod-carrier or for royalty to lie in a beggar's bed in no way destroys intrinsic quality. It is a shame. For a religion to be called to a high rôle of service to mankind, and then to be content with a small and esoteric ingrowing only makes more pitiful its failure. It is not amiss to reassert the advantage to which it is faithless.

In some way, there has yet to be a reversion of the whole religious business. Protestantism to-day is a bunch of meeting-houses, where little groups of pious people gather for an hour each week to sing three hymns, join in two prayers, listen to a bit of sermonic twaddle, and go home to dinner. They expect that the minister, by some hook or crook of godly persuasion or by cheap attractions, will win desultory adherents to their number and extract nickels. All the while, the Protestant ministry, ruled by lay popes, bound by restrictions and fed like Lazarus with the crumbs from the tables of niggardly parishioners, has the least influence upon the forward movements of the world. They seem content to keep dignified and penurious housekeeping within their own preserves.

The big parish is outside the meeting-house—a thousand to one—the immense majority of human beings, building up in their arts, sciences, and industries into

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a race of supermen. Call them, if Protestantism will, the outsiders, the unconverted, the worldly, the irreligious. They are God's children, with a capacity for a reasonable faith, with a future of immortality and with an inalienable claim upon Protestantism. The Salvation Army, crude as it may be in theology and method, is a splendid movement toward a revival of the Protestant, democratic advantage. The Army goes to the world with its message and its service. Christian Science reiterates the supremacy of spiritual influence over material phenomena. It is restoring a lost emphasis. The Unitarian movement, of which Hale or Channing declared, "We are not going to develop a lasting denomination; but we are going to liberalize the whole of religion, if, like a seed, we die in giving life," has mellowed the harsh spirit of Protestantism. It has been a true and pervading spirit of religious democracy. Light flushes in the east and men cry hopefully, "The dawn of a new day is at hand."

Protestantism has the whole advantage within itself—its democratic origin and its liberty of adjustment. But if it loves best its criticisms, its warnings, its protesting, its censoring, its prohibitions, its thanking God that it is not as other men are—why then Protestantism will remain as inconsequent and feckless as any other Pharisaic aristocracy in this democratic age. As in every great call to service, there is here a summons to sacrifice and consecration. No longer can the prime object of religion be to build up a separated ecclesia of the saved. Religion was made for man, not man for religion. The problem for Protestantism is how to enter into every mood, phase, and variety of human interests with sympathetic fellowship. Reveal every day as sacred as the seventh, work as holy as prayer, the earth as advantageous as heaven, divine childhood inherent in being man. There is nothing common or unclean when we see sorrow, sin, and ignorance as shadows resultant of light. We have come to the place where reason and faith are mutual instincts, science and religion companions on the human journey of discovery.

I dare assert, yet with a full expectation of dispute, that humanity is a more sacred institution than the church, that man's spiritual intuition is a better inspiration than the visions of individual saints. In consequence, that the church's duty is to study mankind, understand its enthusiasms and hungers and minister to them. A more profound duty than any pondering by man of ecclesiastical dogmatics, which were structured in the age of quite a different race. Face or deny that view of our relations—Catholicism or Protestantism—and you will arrive at a power to regenerate and spiritualize society or else accomplish your own side-tracking, while the people go on. To repeat—in our present organized Christianity, Protestantism has the supreme advantage in its democratic nature and in its flexibility for change. Change? Yes, why not? No phase of religion was ever a finality. Each fitted its own age and condition. Change is the vitality of progress. To be afraid of it is the cowardice of a fossilized conservatism. An advance is on all along the line. Humanity is moving forward in every department of progress and any effective religion must go over the top as wholeheartedly and fearlessly. Ecclesiastical dunnage belongs in religious camp-life. God, who dwells with man to-day, is the divine evolutionist rather than an enthroned deity watching from afar.

Some one will ask, critically, what are the details of that change in Protestant-

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ism which you advocate. The only answer is that details belong to action and that must await a change in spirit and attitude. Protestantism will know what to do when it reconstructs its relation to society. Sympathetic fellowship always learns the details of helpfulness. We fling crumbs to birds, but we suckle our own at the breast. Protestantism has been scattering precepts and scoldings from its pulpits, dropping pious tracts from the tower of Stylites, and calling men to come in out of the wicked world and be separate. So that it has come to be a common saying, "I'd rather go to hell in pleasant company."

There is a call for faith, fellowship, and prophetic vision. Numbers, wealth, popularity, and outward show of success will little interest a regenerated Protestantism. It will be as invincible as the sacrifice of leaven—the deepest, the most interior of all potencies. By its own democracy in full harmony with an era of democracy, it will influence and spiritualize society, even when men are unaware of the vital palingenesis breeding within them. It may be without popular recognition or material aggrandizement. Similarly with the Christ, who, deprecating temporal success, transmuted man's whole religious outlook with a new human dignity, born of the intimate fatherhood of God. Catalogue, whoever can, the details of the power of that carpenter of Nazareth to regenerate the faith and personality of mankind. It is too spiritual a force to be epitomized.

V

It has seemed to many that the variety of Protestant sects is the condition, perhaps cause, of impotence. They have prayed and labored for a unity, which would sacrifice all differences and blend an organic similitude. That is a sad and cowardly shifting of responsibility. It is in a line with a lot of that picayune excusing, whereby men seek to load their failures upon circumstance and condition and away from their own lack of sense and vim. Unity will come immediately when Protestantism arrives at a consecration clear and big enough to make unity imperative. An outward, organic unity would be little more than a fruitless sham, unless it were the expression of an inward singleness of purpose. We have too much of this superficial reform in the place of character building —Pharisaic self-righteousness—prohibition in the stead of temperance—policy as an incentive to honesty—fine clothes and money to evidence an aristocracy. Protestantism must go to the heart of its failure. It needs what it preaches—conversion and regeneration.

After all, the diversities in Protestantism are mostly of little or no importance. There is nothing essential in the differences, else there would be more agreement. They are variants magnified into principles. Often they gain their significance only by the stupid partisanship of intolerant zealots. The worst of it is that they shroud essentials. The apostolic succession of the Episcopalians, the episcopacy of the Methodists, and the presbytery of the Presbyterians are only variants of the one idea of getting an original and historic sanction of their ministry. The hushed and waiting silence of a Quaker meeting and the galvanic excitement of a Methodist revival are one and the same thing—a stimulus for the movement of the divine Spirit. The amount of water used in baptism interests only one sect. Unitarianism and Trinitarianism are identical in essence. For it makes mighty little difference whether one conceives of God as three in one or as one in three. The bottom im-

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portance is that we don't know anything about it and that it troubles God not at all how we analyze and characterize Him. He enjoys us all and our childish guessing. He is more interested in what we think of each other than in what we conjecture about Him.

The essential spirit of Protestantism—its advantage—democratic fellowship with all mankind, trusteeship of a faith in step with all progress, a full recognition that humanity is the real church of God as it is His family—a spirit which will give life and sane unity, if it can be waked from dormancy and freed from the bondage of its flesh. Carnality has been the death of every religion, which died in self-mummification, swathing its idols and dogmatics in syllogistic finalities. In the words of Jesus, I treasure these above all others, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." There is the freedom of the heavens in that—the from eternity to eternity of living truth—the impossibility of confining divine revelation to any date, place, or creed. The Christ's talks were full of that idea of liberty and expansion—evolution, if you will—but foreign to all inhibitive rights of interpretation and codifying by church, sect, or man. The seed in the earth. The net in the sea. The wind in the sky. The leaven in the loaf. The bird in the air. The Spirit in the heart of man. He was more in touch with the ordinary man of the street, the shop and the field, with the woman by the well or at her cottage door, than He was with the ecclesiastics of the temple or the rabbis of the synagogue. So in every age, as the heart of man is increasingly competent to receive it, God bestows His revelation. Religion should be modern and generous enough to welcome it. Is it in Protestantism? Does Protestantism realize its tremendous advantage?

The call is insistent and imperative. Protestantism may learn very much from the practical methods of Catholicism. But there is no place for envy or emulation. Catholicism cannot change to meet the freedom and advance of the new humanity. It is cemented by its own infallibility. To loosen one stone would collapse the structure. It must stand as a beautiful example of ecclesiastical and theological art, which has gloriously served its day, but has not in it the genius to assimilate the human evolution. To rear a cathedral wins admiration. To sow a seed claims faith. The poet spoke a gospel, when he wrote, "Only God can make a tree." That in religion is the original and, we may hope, the new Protestantism.

It must come. There was never a human hunger, but that God fed it. Never an instinctive craving for Him and His truth that He did not satisfy. God invades the human with absolute right of incarnation. The robot of scientific materialism becomes divinely gifted with a soul, and its footsteps mark a path from machine-shop to heaven. It may take faith to discover the spiritual intention of this age. Thank God, there are some of us who believe in it and will declare it. Faith in God; faith in man—one splendid co-existence. Our religious hope is in a regenerated Protestantism.

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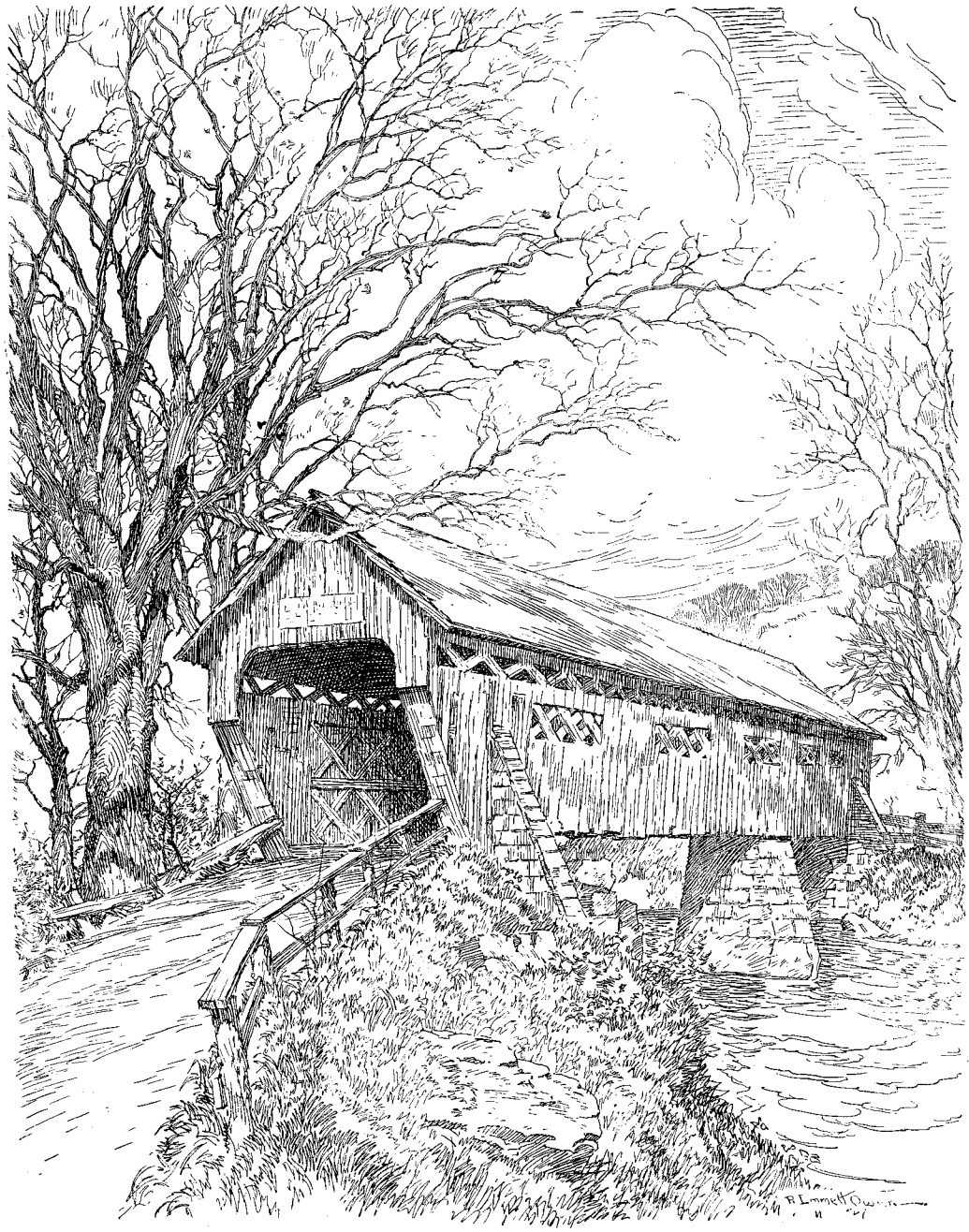

From a drawing by R. Emmett Owen.

The Old Highway.

This quaint and picturesque landmark, the old covered bridge at Campton, New Hampshire, was swept away during one of the floods of 1928 and 1929.

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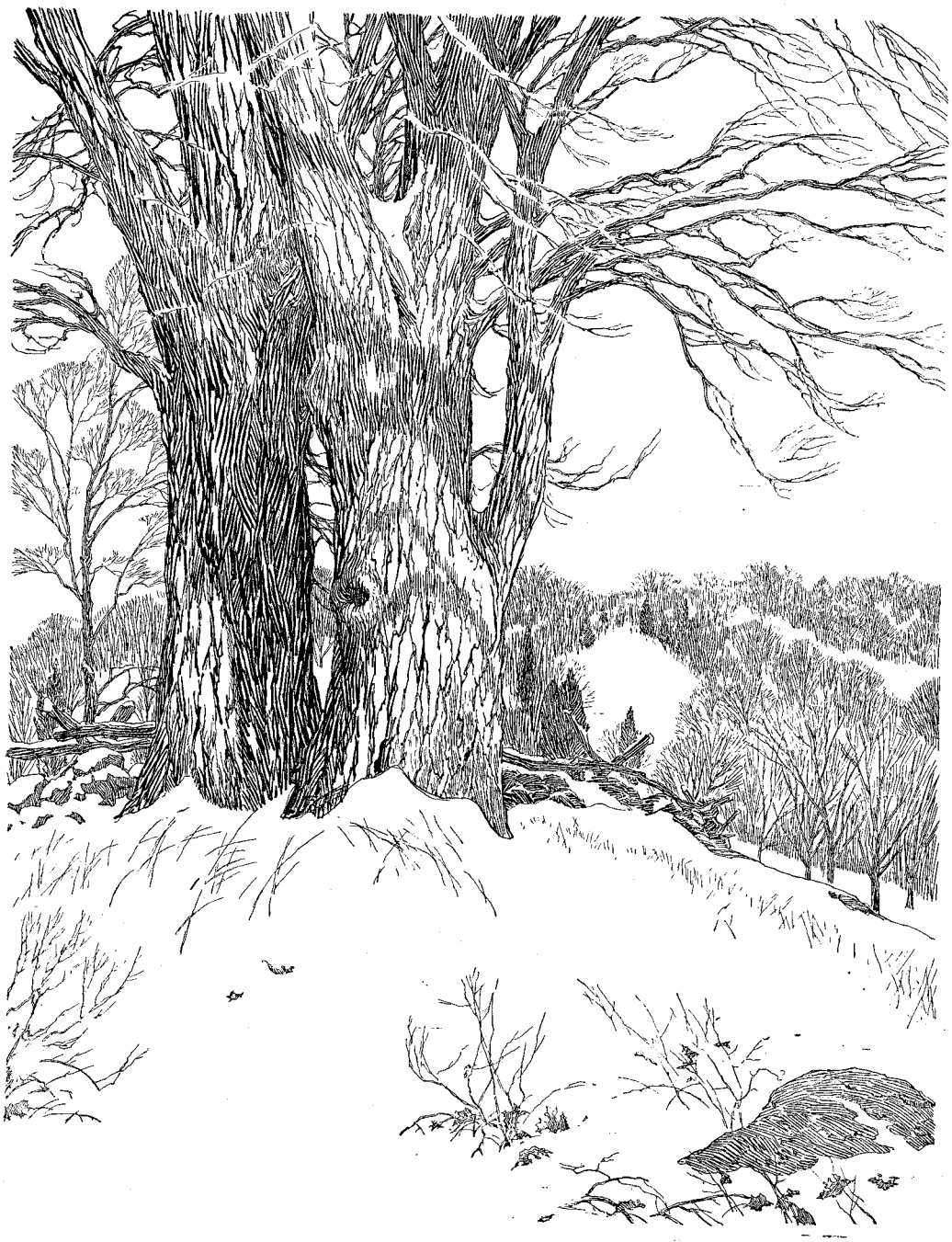

From a drawing by R. Emmett Owen.

Comrades.

A windswept hilltop near Rutland, Vermont.

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Young Hamlet

BY BYRON DEXTER

Crandall Ford knew that he was an actor when he was thirteen years old. As a boy he was tall and gangly; until his voice changed, he sang in the choir of the Snow Hill, Maryland, Episcopal Church. People always smiled when he came down the aisle in his floppy cassock; his long legs were continually threatening to carry him out of the procession, and his head, with its thick hair and large, wide-spaced eyes, lifted incongruously, almost wildly, above the pink cheeks of the other choristers. When he sang, the congregation paid attention and did not laugh.

Crandall came to New York when he was nineteen. By this time he had an extraordinary voice, ample and resonant; and he possessed, as unquestioningly as he possessed his own voice, the belief that he could act. What makes him interesting is that he was right.

His mother and father were dead. His aunt, with whom he lived in Snow Hill, arranged for him an income of sixty dollars a month. The other members of his family were distributed throughout the country. They were a queer crowd of people—one girl, a cousin, was in the movies; one older brother wrote advertising in Chicago, loathed it, and when sober made much money out of it; one other cousin, Mrs. Vic Farrell, entertained the public splendidly for three years in the society rotogravure sections of the metropolitan papers and followed that up with two brilliant divorces. In addition to their capacity for erratic behavior the Fords shared the common trait of being unable to get along with one another, a problem which they solved by letting each other alone.

Crandall Ford, unexpectedly, was good-tempered and friendly. He was devoted to the aunt in Snow Hill, and, after he had come to New York, wrote her long and affectionate letters telling her of his progress from one manager's office to another's. He had plenty of time for these letters, for he found that the only thing producers were interested in when he applied for a job was the question of his previous experience. Since he could not get a job for lack of experience, and since he could not get experience for lack of a job, Crandall supplemented his income in various ways, such as selling orange-juice, ushering at Roxy's, and opening charge accounts. He got some experience in short-lived stock companies in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and more experience in engagements of varying length in Manhattan. The Manhattan engagements took place off the stage. He was accommodating, thoughtful, and polite with women, and very single-minded—characteristics which made him both popular and something of an enigma.

Crandall celebrated his twenty-first birthday by eating a cinnamon bun and drinking a cup of coffee at noon in a dairy lunch on Broadway. He was tolerably happy. Why not? He was still in New York.

It was Friday. That was an unfortunate fact. Crandall considered it carefully; but no matter how you figure it, Friday to Monday is three days. He took the eighty cents out of his change pocket

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and laid it on the porcelain arm of the chair. He moved his lips, speaking to himself; then he saluted the profound finality of mathematics with a slight but gracious bow.

The taxi-driver watching him from the chair opposite grinned, and elbowed his companion. Crandall saw the movement and levelled his eyes at a point just above the second taxi-driver's forehead; that gentleman looked up expectantly, met Crandall's even scrutiny, and retired abruptly with a rather hurt expression. Crandall closed the incident with a brief inaudible speech.

"Eat your soup, taxi-driver."

Crandall rose, walked to the cashier's desk, left fifteen cents and the check, and put the sixty-five cents back in his pocket. Then he set out for Kingsway Grierson's office.

Of the Broadway producers, Kingsway Grierson was considered to be a man who had the true interests of the theatre at heart. Not that the shows he put on were any better than the shows which the notoriously selfish producers put on; but he was, indubitably, a step above them. He was a gentleman. Crandall Ford had been introduced to him twice; and he had visited his office many times. He went there now.

The girl behind the railing in the office recognized Crandall, and smiled.

"How do you do, Mr. Ford?"

"Good afternoon," said Crandall, taking off his hat. "I heard that Mr. Grierson was casting." The girl did not contradict him, and Crandall was encouraged. "Is Mr. Grierson in?" he asked.

"No, he isn't back from lunch yet," said the girl.

"Perhaps I might wait for him," offered Crandall.

The girl didn't want him to be inconvenienced that way. "He won't be in for a couple of hours," she said. "Why don't you come back about four o'clock?"

"Thank you," said Crandall, with a bow, replacing his hat. "You might tell Mr. Grierson that I called."

"I'll tell him you called," she said, and looked down at her desk. At that moment the door of the inner office opened and Kingsway Grierson came out. Crandall politely took off his hat again.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Grierson," he began.

Mr. Grierson stopped suddenly and looked at the wall behind Crandall as if there were nothing in front of it. Then, with great presence of mind, he reached forward and picked up the telephone from the desk, turned his back, and began to talk into the phone, holding his little finger on the hook so that he would not annoy the operator.

Crandall flushed and stood irresolute. The girl was typing busily and Mr. Grierson went on addressing the telephone, so Crandall bowed his polite bow and left. In the hall, waiting for the elevator, he made another brief speech.

"A little crude," he said.

It was a hot September day. Broadway was clammy with people. Clusters of white-faced young men, with high-shouldered short-cut jackets and loud shirts blocked the corners. Discarded pink newspapers swirled underfoot and littered the gutters. Subway trains rumbled beneath the sidewalk, and from the open gratings came spurts of fetid wind which joined with the output of smoke-stacks, tarred pavements, exhaust-pipes, and innumerable human bodies to do double duty of filling lungs with air and ears with noise.

He drew up to the corner of 50th Street and stood waiting for the traffic to stop. Suddenly, from the entrance of the cigar-store, a thick-set, middle-aged

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man wearing a tight-waisted brown suit and a new, coffee-colored felt hat moved quickly up to him.

"Say, I've been looking all over for you, Mr. Ford. I phoned you twice this morning. Come here, look. I made that appointment for you."

"You mean with . . ." Crandall could not get the name out.

"Yeah, sure, with Stein."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yeah, sure. This afternoon. Right now, quick."

Crandall turned and walked over by the glass window of the cigar-store; his friend was holding him by the arm.

"You mean that Stein wants me to come and see him?"

"I told you a couple of months ago he wanted to see you," said Mr. Curley. Mr. Curley was Stein's assistant stage-manager. "I've been keeping after him for an appointment for you and he said to me this morning: 'Tell him to come around at half past three this afternoon. Half past three exactly.' He said: 'Tell him to come up to my office and come in without knocking at half past three sharp.' "

"My God," said Crandall.

"Maybe he's got something for you," said Mr. Curley.

"How do you suppose he heard about me?" asked Crandall. "Did he hear about the show I was in over in Brooklyn?"

"Maybe," said Mr. Curley. "He said he wanted somebody who was young, see, and I told him about you. I told him you was the type."

"What show is he going to put on?" Crandall asked.

"He's going to put on 'Ghosts.' "

"My God," said Crandall. He smiled. "I could play that. It would fit me exactly."

"Sure," said Mr. Curley. "It's a good thing I found you, I guess. I'd have had to get somebody else. Stein said to have somebody there at half past three exactly. Just go up to his office and go in without knocking. He'll be expecting you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Curley," said Crandall. "I certainly appreciate what you've done for me."

Crandall took out his watch. It was quarter of three. He'd have to change his clothes. He had bought a suit two months ago for this interview.

Mr. Curley's hand was on his arm again. His voice was confidential once more. "Mr. Ford, could you make me a loan of ten dollars just temporarily? I'm kind of short, just for a few days."

"Yes, certainly," said Crandall. Then he remembered! "I haven't got any money now, but . . ."

Mr. Curley took his hand off Crandall's arm and pushed his coffee-colored hat back on his forehead. He eyed Crandall suspiciously.

"The fact is that I've only got sixty-five cents to my name right now, Mr. Curley." He spoke with desperate sincerity. "But I get some money on Monday. I'll be glad to let you have a loan then. I give you my promise."

"All right," said Mr. Curley briskly. "Perhaps you can make it twenty-five."

"Well . . . I can make it fifteen," said Crandall.

"All right. See you on Monday."

"Yes. And thank you very much for what you've done for me."

"Don't mention it."

It was three-thirty, on the dot, when Crandall entered the lobby of the Stein theatre and rushed up-stairs. A negro in uniform was standing before the door marked Private.

"I've got an appointment with Mr. Stein. Mr. Crandall Ford."

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"Jest go in. Doan' knock."

Stein had to have everything just so! The slightest unexpected noise might divert him disastrously from the work he was doing. Crandall was trembling as he pushed open the door; yet he felt at his best. He knew he was well dressed; he knew he could do "Ghosts"; here was the place he began! He removed his hat and entered.

The door, in closing, cut off the sound of Crandall's sudden, astounded gasp. The negro outside the door grinned and walked down the hall. Two minutes later Crandall came out. He put on his hat and walked down the hall and, at the top of the stairway, made another brief speech.

"Nice fellow, Stein!"

Then he remembered that he had promised on his honor to give Mr. Curley fifteen dollars on Monday, and at that he repeated further phrases. He repeated them savagely, and when he reached the street summarized them in a low voice, but audibly, so that people turned to stare at him. Awfully nice place, New York!

II

Grace Leonard was sitting by the broad windows which looked down on the park when the maid came to the door of the room.

"Mr. Ford is down-stairs to see you, Mrs. Leonard."

She shut the book she was holding, hurriedly, and put it on the edge of the desk; it teetered momentarily, and tumbled off. She reached for it awkwardly with one hand.

"Tell them to bring him up," she said. Then she left the room. Crandall was standing by the window when she came back. She had changed her dress, and added color to her lips, and looked very young and attractive.

"My God, Crandall, I didn't expect you to turn up."

"Hello, Grace. Am I breaking into the middle of something?"

"Sure."

"Oh, really. Well, I . . ."

"A slow afternoon," she said. They shook hands. "Sit down," she said. "I'm glad to see you."

They sat down, and Crandall thrust his hand in his pocket and touched the package of cigarettes. Then he withdrew his hand, empty, and patted his pockets searchingly.

"Cigarettes on the desk," said Grace. "You have a new suit."

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"Are you prosperous?"

"Oh, very."

Grace looked out of the window, and Crandall lit a cigarette. "I didn't expect to see you," she said again.

"Do you mind?"

"No, of course I don't mind. It's a very nice surprise."

"I just thought I'd come up and see you."

"What made you suddenly decide to come up?"

"I thought I'd come up and have tea."

Grace smiled. "Did you have any lunch?"

"Yes, sure."

"Any breakfast?"

"I had a fine lunch," he said. "I had a cinnamon bun."

Grace was twisting the ring on her left hand. "You do odd things, Crandall," she said, not looking at him. "I don't always make you out. Sometimes you understand things very nicely. You

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get them better than anybody. Sometimes you don't get them at all." She stood up. "Well, if you came up because you wanted something to eat, that's certainly simple enough." She went toward the door. "I'll be back," she said. "I'll just tell Elsa."

"I came up because I wanted to talk to you," said Crandall. "I'd be glad to have something to eat but I came up because I felt like talking to somebody, and I thought it would be nice to talk to you."

"What's up?" she inquired, when she came back. She seemed very cheerful and amused, and leaned back against the divan, crossing her legs.

"Nothing. That's the trouble. I'm sick of New York. I hate the place. I don't see how I can stand it any longer."

"Are you homesick?"

The question surprised Crandall. The idea of going back to Snow Hill was something that had never entered his head.

"No, I'm not homesick. I'm fed up with producers."

"You haven't found anything?"

"I've found lots of things, but not what I'm looking for."

"Don't get discouraged."

"I'm not discouraged. I'm furious."

"That's better. That's perfectly splendid. I've always wanted to see you passionately beside yourself."

"Well, take a good look."

"Who've you been seeing, Crandall?"

"Stein."

"Are you furious at Stein? I thought he was supposed to be different."

"He is. Don't worry about that. He's very different."

"Go right ahead."

"Curley, his stage-manager, told me to go up and see him at half past three this afternoon. He said Stein was expecting me and that I was to walk in without knocking. Very important to be there on time and to go in without knocking."

"Wasn't he expecting you?"

"Oh, most assuredly. Me or somebody else. It happened to be me." Crandall grinned. "It's funny when you say it out loud."

"Then for Heaven's sake say it out loud. What happened?"

"Not a thing happened. It was a tableau, a beautifully arranged little tableau. In walks Crandall Ford, promptly at three-thirty, without knocking. Sees what there is to see. Hears a few words from the master. Walks out again."

"I'll put you out if you don't come to the point."

"The point was that the great Stein takes his pleasure in his own fashion. His office is long, high windows, soft rugs, a few pieces of mahogany, thick draperies, balconies at each end, a dim religious light, a few precious ornaments—very sanctimonious and artistic atmosphere."

"Well, what was Stein doing?"

"Just let me finish describing the furniture. Among the ornaments, a cross. A five-foot wooden cross, in the middle of the room, directly opposite the door. Kneeling before it, a naked woman."

"What!"

"Stein is on a balcony. That's the point. Stein is overhead on a balcony; young gentlemen who enter the room don't see Stein for a couple of minutes. That's natural, isn't it? But Stein sees them. Observes them. Studies them. Gives him ideas, I suppose." Crandall grinned again. "What psychic income is there in that for a man, do you suppose?"

"What did you do?"

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"Do? Nothing. I waited."

"What happened?"

"Stein spoke. Stein leaned down from the balcony and addressed me. 'You're not the type,' says Stein. Exit the young gentleman."

"And that's all?"

"You're insatiable. What do you want?"

Grace was shrieking with laughter. "I thought maybe there'd be a sequel," she said.

"Anything to satisfy you. There is. Curley made me promise to lend him fifteen dollars on Monday."

"Look here. You won't do that."

"I'll do it if I have to eat in the Automat every day for a month."

"You will not. That isn't honor. It's self-indulgence."

"All right. I have my own irrational pleasures, too."

"How much money have you got?" she asked.

"Fifty-five cents," said Crandall.

"You get your income on Monday. It's sixty dollars, isn't it?"

"I have no secrets from you, Grace."

"Oh, shut up. I'm going to lend you ten dollars."

"Are you really? How much does that make the total that I owe you?"

"Not so good, Crandall. Not good at all. As a matter of fact, that's not your style." She walked over to the divan and sat down, and began twisting her ring. Crandall went over to the divan.

"I'd take the ten dollars," he said, "but what's the use? There's no point in getting involved again, is there?"

"Damn it, there's no point in starving yourself. I'm not trying to lend you ten dollars because you're beautiful. It's the same as if you were selling pencils in the subway."

"That's an idea."

"I'm doing it because you're a human being. Don't you see that?"

"You have a generous view of humanity, darling. I don't want the money, though. Thanks a lot, but I don't want it. Wait until I spend the fifty-five cents. Maybe I'll be back to-morrow."

"You probably will. That's about all the sense you've got. I won't be here to-morrow." She leaned forward, at that, and touched his arm triumphantly. "The suburbs!" she cried. "The suburbs! That's the answer!"

"You don't mean it."

"Certainly. The Jenningses. They live in the suburbs. In Bernardsville, New Jersey. Do you know Bernardsville?"

"Not intimately. I've heard of it. Generally speaking, I avoid the suburbs."

"That's well and good, but this is a special instance. You said you were fed up with New York. Come out to Bernardsville with me. I promised to go out and spend the day. I'll take you with me and you can spend the week-end. You'll get food, you'll get fresh air, and you'll get the company of people somewhat different from Stein, you'll . . ."

"What makes you think they'll want my company?"

"They take on all comers."

"What is it, a hotel?"

"No. I've known him and his wife for a long while. Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Jennings. They're fine suburban people."

"Never mind," said Crandall. "They'll be different from my friend Stein. I won't mind that."

III

They reached Bernardsville about eleven-thirty the next morning. Crandall enjoyed the ride out; once they had turned off the main motor road the country opened up in a series of low,

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pleasant hills, with patches of woodland separating the fields, in which were cattle and sheep, and, from time to time, groups of fine-looking horses turned loose to gallop. The air was sweet and cool, and Crandall filled his lungs gratefully.

The Jenningses' house was set far back from the road; they approached it through a grove of maple-trees. When the car curved around a thick clump of rhododendron-bushes and slid up to the doorway, Crandall was surprised by the size and magnificence of the place. It was built of large, gray-stone blocks, long and low and ivy-covered, with mullioned windows, and vast thick slabs of slate for a roof. Crandall noticed that the roof over the peaked entrance-hall sagged, on one side, in a just perceptible dip.

"Old place," observed Crandall.

"Almost ten years old," said Grace.

There was no one to be seen in the great baronial hall, or in the long room which opened behind it, and Grace asked the butler, who had taken Crandall's bag and held it for an instant before surrendering it to a footman, where everybody was.

"Mrs. Jennings is up-stairs, Mrs. Leonard." He glanced at his watch. "The others would be in swimming now, or very shortly."

"What time is swimming?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Do you want to go in swimming, Crandall?"

"No, thanks," said Crandall.

"Could you amuse yourself in the library?" suggested Grace. "You might tell Mrs. Jennings I'm here, Palmer."

Palmer said he would, and left, and Crandall wandered into the library. The room ran the width of the house; it had a high ceiling, supported by beams two feet square, and had a huge window and a door at the far end. High rows of shelves along the walls were filled with books. The books fitted exactly. Crandall decided he wouldn't ruin the arrangement, gave up the idea of reading, and went through the room and out onto a paved terrace at the rear. The place was quiet and restful. Pulling in a deep breath, Crandall caught the odor of pine-trees, and turned into a path that curved out to the right. A short distance down the path he cut off under the trees, glanced about, saw no one, removed his coat and hat, lay down, and went peacefully to sleep.

There was a distant murmur of conversation in his ears when he awoke. He stood up and brushed off the pine-needles and went back to the house. He was very happy: a couple of nice, quiet days in the country wouldn't be bad at all.

The room seemed to be crowded with people, most of them in riding-clothes. Crandall, instinctively, paused in the doorway. No one recognized him. They were all very busy, handing around glasses, talking, laughing, milling about.

A tall chap going past Crandall stopped, pushed a glass in his hand, and asked him if he'd had his.

Crandall said he hadn't and took the glass. It was a very good mint punch. He drank it; a girl in a yellow silk tennis dress who was also going past, carrying a pitcher, poured him another glassful, which Crandall also drank. He looked around for Grace, but could not find her. He put the glass down. A broad-shouldered man with a black mustache and gray hair, who was standing near him, swung around.

"Have a good swim?" he demanded, in a deep, peremptory voice.

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"No, I didn't go in swimming," said Crandall.

"You didn't!" The man seemed greatly surprised. "How was that?"

"I went to sleep," said Crandall.

"You went to sleep!" He repeated the sentence as if the idea it contained were a new one. "Why did you go to sleep?"

Crandall wondered if he had done anything wrong. "I was sleepy," he said.

"Have a hard ride?" the stranger pursued.

"No, it was very comfortable," answered Crandall.

The man looked at him as if he didn't quite understand the language Crandall was using. Then, to Crandall's intense surprise, he clapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Ha!" Crandall smiled politely. But it occurred to him suddenly, that visiting the Jenningses was going to be complicated.

Then he was aware that the man was examining him, slowly, impersonally, minutely. He had deep-set eyes, steel gray, below thick eyebrows, and he was looking at Crandall with startling intentness. Crandall reacted automatically; he pulled his heels together, put one hand on his hip, and made a sweeping bow.

It would be nice to find Grace and get the clew. What were they all so excited about? Amiable people, but terribly worked up about something. No one of them was still for half a minute. No sooner did they rush together to start a conversation than they fell apart. He tried to make out what they were talking about. But he could only catch fragments; the fragments started off intelligibly enough, cheerful small-talk, such as any one might speak; but as soon as one fragment would detach itself some one would dash up or break away, and the conversation would begin again, more excited than ever.

A hand touched his arm; it was Grace. "Are you having a good time?" she asked.

"Very interesting," he replied. "Do they go on like this all day?"

"Oh, no," answered Grace. "It's rather dull now. Everybody's relaxing before lunch. That's one of the rules. Things will pick up this afternoon."

"Who makes the rules? I should think that . . ." Grace touched his hand, interrupting him.

"Mrs. Jennings, this is Mr. Ford."

Crandall turned to greet a majestic matron in a trailing green gown. She gave him her hand, on which were three bewildering rings.

"Have you been to your room, Mr. Ford?"

"No, I haven't," he said.

A lackey materialized from space. "Show Mr. Ford to his room." Mr. Ford obediently went to his room.

He sat next to Grace at lunch. It was a surprise to find that there were only eleven people at the table; there had seemed to be twice that number in the library. Probably the shrinkage was only imaginary; they had to stay put now.

His friend with the black eyebrows was P. F. Jennings himself, Grace said. "He told me you were a genius. You made a great impression on him," explained Grace. "He wants you to stay a week."

"I haven't enough clean shirts," said Crandall hastily. "Why does he think I'm a genius?"

"I don't know," said Grace. "Intuition probably. That's his system. Intuition plus organization. He's written a book about it. He'll give you a copy."

"Is he quite . . ."

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"Comparatively," said Grace. "He's made millions of dollars. Now he's taken up relaxation in a serious way. That's his message. The title of his book is 'Organizing for Play.' Get him to tell you about it. It's very important."

"Will he want to organize me for play?"

"It's already been done."

"I might as well eat my lunch," said Crandall, "because I have an intuition I'm going to pay for it."

After lunch he met Charlotte. Charlotte was Mr. Jennings's daughter, a pretty girl, about twenty years old.

"You're on the stage, aren't you?" said Charlotte. "That's fine. I'm crazy about the theatre. I've often thought of going on the stage myself."

"Really!" said Crandall.

Mr. Jennings came up. Charlotte turned to him. "I want to go on the stage," she said. "Mr. Ford is on the stage. Mr. Ford, this is my father."

"Mr. Ford and I were talking together before lunch."

Crandall bowed.

"I've got an idea for a play, Mr. Ford," Charlotte went on, getting more and more excited. "I intended to write it up but I never have time. You ought to write it up."

"Yes, why don't you?" remarked Mr. Jennings. "Charlotte could act it."

"What is it?" inquired Crandall.

"It has two chief characters, a man and a woman," said Charlotte.

"Really!" said Crandall.

"Yes. The man is an actor. He . . ." Charlotte interrupted herself, wheeling around to her father, tremendously moved about something. "I've got an idea! Mr. Ford could play the actor and I could take the other part. We've got to do it!"

"Why don't you organize a theatre group out here and put the play on?" said her father. "That would be a good way to try it out."

"Marvellous!" cried Charlotte. "That's just what we ought to do. Let's start right away."

The light of battle was flashing in Mr. Jennings's eyes, too. "Let's go in the library," he said. He took Crandall's arm and marched him into the room. The other guests were sprinkled around it. Mr. Jennings clapped his hands.

"We're going to have a meeting," he cried. "We're going to organize a little theatre group. Everybody this way."

The guests looked up eagerly, and then clustered around.

"This is Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford is a professional actor from New York. He has come out to help Charlotte write a play and then we're going to produce it."

"But I'm not a . . ." Crandall tried to thrust his head above the waters that were closing over him. It was useless. His protest was lost in the chorus of approbations; the guests shook hands with him; they felicitated him; they felicitated Charlotte. It was all very moving.

"You see, I'm not a . . ."

Mr. Jennings was talking again. "The first thing is to organize our group," he said. "Mr. Ford is the expert here. I move we elect Mr. Ford temporary chairman."

"Seconded," boomed a man in white flannels, whose face and neck and head, where the hair had receded, were burned a dark red.

"All those in favor!"

Extraordinary self-confidence, thought Crandall! They're going to write a play by taking a vote.

"Aye! Aye! Aye!" The enthusiasm over Crandall's executive position was

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tremendous. Crandall had an abrupt suspicion that they were playing a joke on him. He looked around, trying to locate Grace. She was in the room, a little distance away, watching. The guests were watching him, too. But they were very serious, alert, anxious, waiting for him to speak. Perhaps they really meant it! Perhaps it was merely another instance of the universal appeal of the theatre! Of course the theatre caught men's imaginations, even in Bernardsville. What could he do but respond!

He responded. He told them how pleased he was that they were so interested in the theatre; he dwelt briefly on how helpfully the little theatre could contribute to the stage; he explained how it was free to experiment in ways which the commercial theatre could not; he told them (he believed it himself by this time) how glad he would be to help.

"Precisely, precisely," said Mr. Jennings, above the applause. "Now, first of all . . ."

"In regard to the play . . ." Crandall began.

The sunburned man interrupted. "I move that we incorporate the organization under the laws of New Jersey. I move that we appoint a committee."

"What shall we call it?"

"Call it the Bernardsville Players."

"I think we ought to have a party."

"Let's have a frolic."

"We could meet over at the golf club."

"Let's put on 'Turn to the Right.' I saw that a long time ago. It was . . ."

"We ought to have a detective play."

"I think the idea of a party is good. We could have a dance every month."

"I move we appoint a committee to . . ."

"My God," said Crandall.

"May I make a suggestion, Mr. Ford?" It was Mr. Jennings speaking.

"Please do."

"I second Mr. Walloughby's suggestion that we incorporate in New Jersey," said Mr. Jennings authoritatively. "Mr. Walloughby to be a committee of one."

The motion passed automatically.

"Now let's pick a night to . . ."

"Why not next Friday or . . ."

"Now," said Mr. Jennings, "there is the question of finances. I think we should have sufficient equipment to experiment as Mr. Ford suggests." He lowered his voice, and Crandall realized that there was weighty business on foot. "Just how much would you suggest, Mr. Ford, is the minimum on which we could start?"

"Well," said Crandall, uncertainly, "I should think that . . ." He paused, wondering whether he was expected to name fifty dollars or five hundred. "Say fifty," he said.

"Precisely. Say fifty thousand. I'll pledge ten."

Crandall steadied himself against the back of a chair.

"I move we appoint a finance committee," said the sunburned gentleman.

"Excellent," said Mr. Jennings. "I'll add five."

"I'll add five," said a woman who was swinging an eye-glass on a black thread.

"I'll add two," said a man who was stretched out on a deep leather chair.

"I move that Mr. Jennings be made the chairman of the finance committee." A chorus of approval.

"Do you agree, Mr. Ford?" asked Mr. Jennings.

"Perfectly," said Crandall, wiping the perspiration off his forehead.

"I move we adjourn."

"Second the motion."

"Wait a minute," cried Charlotte. "Mr. Ford and I will talk over the play

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and we'll have another meeting tonight."

"Let's have a game of baseball."

The guests were on their way to the door. Crandall crossed to where Grace was standing.

"Get me out of this!"

"Oh, Mr. Ford!" It was Charlotte. "I ought to tell you about the play so you can be thinking about it. It's about an actor. He's a star, of course. And he's been on the stage so long he can't talk without quoting the plays he's been in. He falls in love with a girl, and the only way he can make love is by saying the speeches he's said in his plays. The girl has seen all the plays and she says he's not sincere, because she recognizes the speeches and she won't believe he loves her, and he has to do something to convince her, so he gets a man to write a new play for him and he learns that and recites that to her. You see! He was really quoting from a play but the girl didn't know it, so he convinced her. That would be the big scene."

"Very dramatic," said Crandall.

"It has possibilities, don't you think?"

"Extraordinary possibilities," he said.

"We'll talk about it some more tonight."

"By all means," said Crandall.

"Do you like baseball?"

That startled him. "I'm especially fond of baseball," he said.

"Shall we play then?" she asked. "We always play Saturday afternoons."

"By all means," said Crandall. "But you'll excuse me just a minute? I have to wash my hands."

IV

Grace Leonard left before tea. She looked all over for Crandall—in the library, where the tea-things were already set out, piles of sandwiches, cake, bottles, glasses, cups and saucers; out in back, down by the swimming-pool—but she could not find him. She left a note with the butler, saying that she had gone back to town, and got in the car.

Near the end of the driveway leading from the house to the road the driver put on the brakes sharply and Grace looked up and saw Crandall. He was standing beside the car holding his suitcase.

"May I get in?" he asked.

Grace opened the door. "What have you been doing?"

"Hiding in the shrubbery."

"Look here, Crandall, you mustn't . . ."

"Can't you see that I'm exhausted?"

They went back to New York. Grace looked at the landscape and Crandall stretched his legs and closed his eyes. When they were on the other side of the Holland Tunnel and coming up Broadway, Grace offered a few comments.

"You really ought not to do a thing like that, Crandall. Politeness aside, Jennings could help you."

"He's an excellent organizer," said Crandall. He was sitting up and breathing in the air of Broadway in deep gulps. He bent his head, listening to the rumble that came up through the subway gratings. Pink newspapers cluttered the gutters, and the air was redolent with the odor of exhaust-pipes and tarred pavements and human bodies. Groups of young men clustered about the corner cigar-stores. It was just as he had left it, and it was all very lovely.

"By the way," he said, "Grierson is casting."

"That's fine," said Grace. "Do you expect to eat between now and the time he gives you a job?"

"Decidedly."

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From the inside pocket of his coat, from his side-pockets, from his trousers' pockets, he began producing sandwiches, fat sandwiches, neatly sliced. "Count," he said. There were eight sandwiches.

"I've a piece of cake in my pocket," said Crandall. "I won't take it out to show you because it might crumble." He smiled pleasantly. "If you'll tell Stinson to stop, I'll get out here."

The car pulled to the curb and Crandall got out, holding the sandwiches in his hat.

"Thank you, darling," he said. "Charming people, the Jennings."

Books and the Nation

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

Experiments by which the Library of Congress is extending its resources and influence, is providing experts to aid people engaged in research, and is creating a centre of learning which makes it less and less necessary for the scholar to go to Europe for advanced study.

OF the making of books about America there was a beginning some three hundred and fifty years ago, by Hakluyt and others; but apparently there is no end. The stream of them is incessant and widely various. The observing traveller from abroad—a De Tocqueville, a Mrs. Trollope, a Siegfried, a Keyserling—has always been sure of an audience. The American appetite for criticism, especially with a sharp seasoning of frankness, is insatiable. Nor need it come from overseas to arrest attention. That familiar object, the critic on our own hearth, is always with us. The effect of his books may be to depress or to elate. At least he bids the American "Know thyself"—and, whether to the end of depression or of elation, there seems no escape from the acquisition of such knowledge.

These books are all chapters, or subdivisions, of a stupendous, if indeterminate, work on "American Civilization," of which no single part is to be compared in importance with the whole. The virtue of the parts as they appear one by one is that they set one thinking about the whole. Two recent books illustrate this point. In "Our Business Civilization" Mr. James Truslow Adams has assembled his magazine articles of several years past setting forth an acute discontent with the general drift of our American habits of life and thought. His acknowledged concentration of emphasis on the "prunes and cucumbers" rather than the "strawberries" of our civilization may blind some irritated readers to the truth of many of his observations. Yet the total tendency of his vigorous indictment must be to stab some American spirits broad awake—even to the point of pressing for improvements in

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discreditable conditions. Another new chapter in the sprawling history of our civilization is "Adventurous America," by Professor Edwin Mims—quite different in its spirit from Mr. Adams's book, for it dwells on the encouraging aspects of American life, in affairs, in artistic, intellectual, and spiritual matters, and, drawing instances of hopeful phenomena from many points throughout the length and breadth of the land, gives repeated reasons to believe that promise is merging frequently into fulfilment.

American civilization, the broad subject of these and countless other books, continues to evade any accurate and universally applicable description. What is true of one aspect of it ignores or distorts another. Yet where, if not in the books of honest students of the country, is the truth about it to be found? Through books it is to be known, and through books perhaps it is to be saved. Neither Mr. Adams nor Professor Mims has much to say about the reading habits of the people, or the studious habits of the scholars. Yet unless the ear, through the radio and "the records," is altogether to supersede the eye, the printed book will continue to exercise an enormous influence in the shaping of American civilization. The books about America will serve their useful purpose of information and stimulus, even to the excitement of disgust with things as they are. It is to the books in America—if only they can be employed to the best advantage—that one may resort for a substantial ground for placing hope above despair in any calm survey of the future. The books I have in mind could be considered in city, university, and private libraries, but surely the most significant and typical aspect of them should be discoverable in the national headquarters of books—the Library of Congress at Washington, no longer merely a library for members of Congress, but in very truth a national library, a library literally for the use of the whole nation. The critics of American life—and in criticism both the favorable and the unfavorable view of things must be included—fall short of thoroughness when they fail to consider what so distinctive a national institution as the Library of Congress is doing—or is omitting to do—for the causes of such enlightenment in America as a great library can best further.

Owing especially to the circumstance that the librarian, Doctor Herbert Putnam, has recently completed thirty years of astonishingly fruitful administration, and that this anniversary has been celebrated by the dissemination of many facts about the Library, it would be superfluous here to rehearse them in any detail. More to the present point will be some consideration of the structure—intellectual, social, spiritual—which may be expected to rise, through years to come, on some of the foundations which Doctor Putnam has most recently laid. Important things—many of them quite novel in character—have been happening at the Library of late. Some knowledge of them is necessary to any forecast of American culture.

In the structure now beginning to rear its head two major interests, then, stand forth with remarkable clearness—the interest of scholarship, or that higher learning which one associates with colleges and universities; and the interest of general cultivation and its diffusion. These concerns the Library seems definitely to have taken to itself as parts of its province, not with any secondary purpose of assuming that function of a national university which certain enthusiasts in American education have

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advocated from time to time as a function of the federal government; but rather with the object of providing a parallel and supplementary agency of higher learning. That is precisely what is coming to pass.

The fact that it is coming through the addition of private and semipublic benefactions to the resources springing from congressional appropriations is neither surprising nor in the least disturbing. Congress provided the palatial housing of the Library some thirty years ago, has financed its constant enlargements, and has advanced its annual appropriations from $300,000 in the early years of Doctor Putnam's administration to $1,500,000 to-day. Holding the central purpose of the Library in view, Congress could not have dealt more handsomely with it; and the generous record of the national government has been matched by the Library's own record of growth in every traditional direction. But other ventures beckoned, and it bears impressive testimony to the Library's justification of itself in the eyes of private and corporate benefactors that from their resources the Library has now been empowered to reach out in new directions, to enter doors at which librarians have not been accustomed hitherto even to knock.

It would be fatally easy to let this narrative drift into the tone of an annual report. Inquirers into educational matters are all too familiar with the product of that dead hand which seems to guide the writing of college catalogues. There is even a recognizable "catalogue style" —to be avoided at all costs. The trouble is that a catalogue can omit nothing. Here we are fortunately free from any such necessity—and "we" applies to both writer and reader. Though our concern is chiefly with what the future is likely to hold, some facts from the recent past must be set forth. Chief among them is the fact that on March 3, 1925, Congress approved an act creating "The Library of Congress Trust Fund Board" —a non-political agency, designed for the rapid, intelligent handling of benefactions, as apart from government appropriations, to the Library. Its members are the secretary of the treasury, the chairman of the joint committee of Congress on the Library, the librarian, all ex officio, and two others appointed by the President. Already it has accepted and administered substantial funds, for purposes beyond the conventional needs of a public library. Look, for example, at what Mrs. Frederic S. Coolidge—beginning her benefactions even before the creation of the Trust Fund Board—has done for the cause of music. Besides erecting in the Library an auditorium ideally adapted to chamber music, she has enriched the Division of Music with funds for many uses, including the endowment of a "chair" of music and the provision of chamber concerts of the first order, not only in the Library auditorium but elsewhere in the country under Library of Congress auspices. Other private benefactors like Mr. Archer M. Huntington and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have provided the means for large increases in the resources of the Library in such fields as those of Hispanic literature and the source materials for American history, made available in Washington through photostat copies of documents scattered through the great libraries of Europe, and selected for reproduction by travelling experts representing, as Mr. Worthington C. Ford now represents, the Library abroad. The Carnegie Corporation and more recently the General Education Board have made liberal gifts for

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special purposes; and as these very words are written one may look, through any eastern window of the Library, upon the demolition of a post-Civil War block of dwelling-houses on the site of which Mr. Henry C. Folger, of New York, is about to erect a beautiful building for the housing of his surpassing collection of Shakespeariana, not as a part of the Library, but in such close proximity to it that its dedication to the uses of the public will obviously redound to the advantage of all who resort to the Library for the study of English letters.

The rapidly mounting accumulations within the Library have made it the amplest repository of its kind in the Western hemisphere, and comparable in the world, in its extent, only with the British Museum in London and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. With the readily accessible departmental and other libraries in Washington adding the holdings of their shelves to the nearly 4,000,000 books in the Library of Congress, it may be regarded as the largest unit in a neighborhood assemblage of books approximating 10,000,000 in number. Were it possible to consult the collections of the Library and its neighbors only within their own walls, it would be much; but the large development and use of a country-wide, generous system of interlibrary loans—a subject in itself—have rendered the "unusual book for the unusual need" available to scholars and investigators throughout America.

But these—the reader may interpose—are chiefly physical glories, mere illustrations of the American zest for the supremacy of bigness. Books are unlike many other objects, however, in that their mere accumulation may possess the spiritual significance that accompanies a widening of horizons. It is within the Library itself, where this effect is wrought, that it may be most clearly apprehended; and it has remained for an official of the Library of Congress—its chief bibliographer, Mr. William Adams Slade—to produce a sonnet on "The National Library" setting forth, in terms of poetry, the meaning of the work to which a vast collection of books may be dedicated:

"Exultant mind, that evermore has sought
And garnered light through dark, here freely gives
From out its store. Here is the realm of thought
Immortal, where each thinker ever lives—
Where words that glowed of old glow yet again,
Gleaming across the bournes of race and clime,
Instant to serve the present world of men,
Voicing in timeless speech the things of time.
Here to full day those scriptures are unsealed
That spelled the Fathers' trust in Freedom's name;
Here by her shrine are books to guard and shield
And set new measures to her sacred flame.
Seekers who come shall her own presence find,
Mantled with light of man's all-conquering mind."

If these lines may be taken as applicable to any great library, it is through the novel plan of associating with the operations of such an institution a corps of scholars possessing some specialized familiarity with the content of books in their various fields that the Library of Congress is making a great experiment hitherto untried.

Beyond a great physical expansion, with its consequent spiritual implications, recent developments at the Library, representing Doctor Putnam's vision of other things than material resources, have included phenomena more definitely serviceable to scholarship and to culture. Notable among these has

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been the association of a new group of men with the collections of the Library —men, to employ the Librarian's term defining them, "of ripe and genial learning," who will help not merely to perfect these collections but also to extend the use of them. For the formal treatment of the book—in cataloguing, classification, and bibliography—and in the routine handling of it in reference work, the Library has a great staff of technicians unsurpassed in ability—a fact attested by the acceptance of their decisions by over 4,000 libraries at present using the printed catalogue cards prepared at Washington. Now to this staff of technicians the Library is adding experts of another sort—specialists in particular fields of learning, who are to bring to the interpretation of the collections their accumulated knowledge of literature and a veteran familiarity with methods of research as related to their several fields. Their service to the Library will not be through research of their own, but through placing at the disposal of the public engaged in research both their general knowledge and experience and their familiarity with particular collections and the apparatus developed for the use of them. This is indeed a novel enterprise, as yet only in its pioneer stage, but of extraordinary promise.

It has all been made possible through the private and corporate benefactions that have been mentioned. By means of these endowments and grants three chiefs of divisions in the Library have become also the occupants of "chairs" in the three fields of Music, the Fine Arts, and American History. A fourth chair, of Aeronautics, is planned, at this writing, through the recent establishment, at the Library, of the "Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics." A bequest, also recent, provides for a fifth. In academic usage the word "chair" generally implies the title "professor" and the function of active teaching. This is not the case in the Library of Congress. There the term signifies rather the extension of the administrative duties of a chief of division to the interpretation of the collections with which that official is associated. For this purpose a scholar with the equipment of a university professor is required, and such a person is hardly to be secured at the salary which the government can be expected to pay to members of the regular staff of an institution like the Congressional Library. The increase of certain salaries to the level—none too high —at which a full professorship is maintained in our larger universities was the obvious means to the highly desirable end, and it has been through this means that the initial "chairs" have been established.

Nor is this all. In the vision of the Librarian another group of associates in the fuller functioning of the Library began to take a form which has now become a reality. This is the group of "consultants"—men of experience and proved capacity in their various branches of scholarship, charged with the same interpretative service that is rendered by the occupants of "chairs," but without their administrative duties. Therefore no corresponding demand upon their time is necessary—nor a corresponding remuneration. A suitable honorarium, provided from sources similar to those to which the "chairs" owe their existence, has proved sufficient already to draw into the service of the institution eight consultants, most of whom have been installed in the private "study-rooms" recently added to the equipment of the Library. The consultant-

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ships already filled are those of Hispanic Literature, English and American Literature, Classical Literature, European History, Economics, Science, Philosophy, and Church History and Religion. There is besides an important consultantship in Bibliography, unlike the others in that, by the very nature of the case, it has to do primarily with the interior workings of the Library. Evidently wide ranges of scholarship still remain to be covered. But the beginnings have been made. Men who have reached the age at which they can retire from the most active teaching or production, have responded to the attraction of living in Washington, under conditions enabling them to go on with work of their own, yet affording many opportunities for usefulness, whether to individuals or to the public, and these men have begun to bear their personal part in the pioneer undertaking.

What is to come of it all? *Solvitur ambulando.* It is yet far too early to paint any still-life picture of the fruit which the experiment will yield. Will the national university so often contemplated as the federal crown of the American system of education emerge from the plan? "No," declared Doctor Putnam in an address before the American Library Association in 1928; "not a university. We do not prescribe, we do not discipline. We hold no authority over our constituency; and we take no responsibility for results. *No* library is a university, or can be. A 'house of studies,' if you like, inviting and encouraging them, providing material for them, apparatus to convenience them, and, so far as its resources and good sense permit, the counsel of its staff in the pursuit of them through the use of the collections. But not a university."

Certainly not a modern university—though quite possibly something more nearly resembling the *studium generale* that took shape in the mediæval university, a loosely organized place of resort for students drawn together by facilities for study. The possibilities in this very direction at the Library of Congress are obviously of the largest. A huge assemblage of books, to begin with, a pervasive spirit of co-operation already well known to those who have made any use of the Library, a generous hospitality to all comers of serious intent, without regard to the type or group among searchers for knowledge, a disposition to take down rather than to put up the possible barriers between readers and books—these advantages have long been associated with the Library of Congress. To such resources have now been added the accessibility of expert guidance and counsel to investigators, younger and older, a provision of help which they could receive, and receive only, through enrolment in a well-staffed university. No violent flight of the fancy is needed to suggest what this may come to mean in that field of adult education which is demanding a steadily growing measure of attention from those who are studying the problem of American education in its entirety.

The possibilities that have been mentioned could be traced in a number of directions. Take one as typical. What shall we do with our Ph.D. students—a more crowded class than that of our ex-Presidents? One answer to the question has been to send them to Europe, at least for a portion of the advanced studies leading to their degrees. Will not Washington increasingly afford another answer? The European resources of scholarship are constantly duplicating themselves more and more in the Library—and that with a concentration

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which in the course of time will provide Washington with the advantage of diminishing the student's necessity of much travelling from place to place. Washington of course is not Europe, yet it does convey to visitors from many parts of the United States a pleasant sense of being "abroad"—in a city with more suggestions of Paris and other European capitals than any other in America, in a slightly, and agreeably, foreign country, on the friendliest of terms with one's own, speaking the same language—that central comfort to the traveller!—if with a slightly different accent. It is a city, moreover, unlike all the other larger cities of America through the nearly total absence of industrial and commercial activities, with a blessed attendant relief from any pervading consciousness of urgency and strain. There is the sense also—an acute sense—of a national as contrasted with a local background. Where then, if the only real education is self-education, shall the young American seek it to surely better advantage than at the headquarters of his national life—a constantly more rewarding and stimulating personal headquarters as the city of Washington continues its remarkable growth in outward beauty, and, less visibly though quite palpably, in that cultivation of the arts and sciences which year by year is diverting the inhabitants of Washington more and more from the exclusive preoccupations of government and society. The civilizing influences to which a candidate for the Ph.D. degree may thus be exposed are obviously of equal concern and equal possible benefit to older scholars.

But the Library, exclaims the Ph.D. candidate, is not a university and can give me no credits toward a degree. Quite right, docturus! So much the worse—or so much the better—for you. If you are bent on your Ph.D., the procedure is obvious: get yourself accredited to the Library of Congress for the pursuit of your advanced studies—as many are already doing—report the results back to your university, and secure your credits there. Signs are not entirely lacking, however, that the "Ph.D. fetish," at which the late Charles Francis Adams tilted his lance so many years ago, is losing some of its magic power over both those who seek and those who dispense the positions by which the young academic must live. If one is to look for signs of hope on the horizon of our civilization, it will be in quarters in which the emphasis is placed rather upon the results of educational training than upon the technical means of reaching them. The show-windows of foreground are bound to count less as time goes on than those inner chambers in which background lies concealed. It is no meaningless compliment to our countrymen to declare that at heart they care far less for such manifestations as the "Ph.D. fetish" than for the essence of education itself.

To return at the last to the books about America and the books in America as measuring-sticks for our progress in things of the mind and spirit, Mr. Adams (not Charles Francis) might exclaim that the kingly—more than princely—endowments of education now extending to a non-academic library have not been without their sinister suggestion, in recent years, of "Our Business Civilization." Professor Mims, on the contrary, would be sure to interpret the phenomenon in terms of hope. Each, I believe, would agree with the other that, whatever books about America may do for its civilization, the books in America—provided only they can be

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put to the best possible use—offer one of the substantial hopes for the future of the country. And it behooves Americans of every stripe of pessimism, optimism, and the shades between to know what the nation itself, as distinct from state, city, school, or university, is doing, through books, for that civilization to which every one of us is making some contribution, for better or worse.

Old Bill

BY ROBERT HAZARD

THE old man said:

"Automobiles is all right and I guess they've come to stay. Horses is a back number now, but it's a pity. Now there was Old Bill.

"When I was a boy I used to go out to the country to visit my uncle Joe. He had a big farm about ten miles from town with lots of horses and cattle and hogs and everything. One day Uncle Joe said: 'Come on along, Bub, I'm going over to old man Spencer's to buy a horse. Everybody in the country has been trying to buy that horse, but the old man wouldn't let him go. I guess the old man must be pretty hard up to sell him now.'

"The farmers around there all took pride in their stock. A man might be worked to death and dirty and ragged, but he tried to keep his stock looking nice. They all knew each other's horses and cattle and would recognize a man's team on the road before they saw him.

"Old man Spencer's children had all grown up and moved away, and he and his wife kept on farming in a small way and had a pretty hard time of it.

"We drove over in the buggy and old man Spencer led the horse out. He didn't look to me like so much of a horse. He might have been a cross between a Clydesdale and a French Coach horse. He had that long head with a bulged forehead and Roman nose and long flat legs and big feet and feathers like a Clydesdale, but he was a deep-red bay, and round-barrelled and smooth and neat like a Coach horse. He weighed about twelve hundred pounds.

"Old man Spencer bargained with uncle about the price, and finally uncle paid him what he asked and old man Spencer handed the halter-rope over to me. He said: 'I raised Bill from a colt.' The tears started running down the old man's face and he put one arm around Bill's neck and kissed him on the nose. As soon as he let go, Uncle Joe whipped up and we drove away quick.

"Bill certainly got plenty of work. He was good at everything. If Uncle Joe had a heavy load to haul, he always hooked Bill up with the best one of the other horses because in a pinch Bill would get down and pull like the devil himself, and then the other horse wouldn't give up as long as Bill kept on. It seemed to be a point of honor with Bill never to get stuck, and he never did. I've seen him pull the tongue out of the wagon and break a single-tree, just steady pulling when the load refused to budge. The wagon might be

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stuck but you couldn't say Bill was stuck. I've seen him slip to his knees on an icy road but he kept right on pulling. Uncle Joe said he'd pull the hind gates off o' hell if you asked him to.

"Harry Noggins came over one fall with his mules and the corn-binder to cut corn for uncle. Harry was very proud of his mules. They were counted the best mules in the county and stood sixteen hands high. He needed three head on the binder and suggested that uncle give him two horses, so he could change them when one got tired. Uncle said he could use Bill. Harry looked insulted at uncle's idea that Bill could hold up with the mules all day.

"I went out to the corn-field in the afternoon to see the corn-binder work. Harry was hollering at the mules and throwing clods at them to keep them up with Bill, and Bill was drilling right along a little in the lead and as cool as could be. I went in and told uncle about it and he laughed and laughed and went out to see for himself. That night at supper Harry said: 'That's the biggest day's binding I ever did. What'll you take for that horse?' Uncle said: 'He ain't for sale.'

"And Bill was fast on the road too. He could take the surrey or spring wagon to town like a road-horse with a buggy, so that job fell to him too.

"It was fun taking the milk to town in the spring wagon with Bill, because he had a long easy trot that didn't look fast but ate up the miles like everything. We'd pass some one in a buggy driving a road-horse, and he'd get mad at being passed that way and whip up and pass us, but as like as not his horse would have to break into a gallop in order to do it, and that made it look worse.

"We boys used to ride him for fun and to get the cattle in. He trotted rough enough to shake all your insides out but he had a wonderful smooth canter and gallop. He liked it too. When I'd go into the barn and slip the riding-bridle on him, he'd begin to paw and toss his head. I'd mount him in his stall, and he'd back out and whirl around and come out of the barn with his head up looking for the cattle and rarin' to go.

"As soon as he located the cattle, he would stretch out and go till the wind would whistle in your ears. Usually some of the young stock would give him a run for it. As soon as he had passed them, he would bear in close, and as they turned he would turn so short that you'd go off if you hadn't slid down on the right side in advance. Then he would head them for the barn. He certainly loved to work cattle. I had to hold him in all the time, because it isn't good for dairy cattle to be run much.

"He was too smart, though. He had a way of looking around and watching you like nothing got by him. He knew how to open all the gates and barn doors. At first he was kept loose in a box stall. The door fastened with a wooden button that turned, and there was a hole in the stall door for ventilation. The rascal would stick his head through the hole and turn the button with his lips, and waltz out and open the granary door that was fastened with a hasp with a padlock just hooked into it but not locked. It was too much trouble to keep it locked, because we had to get in and out frequently. We tried hooking the padlock in upside down in the hasp to fool him, but that didn't do any good. Next uncle put a halter on him and tied him to the manger with a rope, but he would untie the rope, so that didn't do any good either. We tried all kinds of knots, but he could work

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them all. He couldn't undo a spring snap, though, so uncle fixed all the gates and stalls with chains and spring snaps, and then we had the best of him.

"He used to play dumb about the work when he was tired, though he knew just what to do. If I'd go to hitch him up single when he was tired, he would pretend that he didn't know how to back into the shafts. He'd step first to one side and then to the other. Finally I'd whack him in the ribs and say, 'Get in there, Bill, you God-damned old fool,' and then he'd step in as nice as you please. He just sized people up and tried them out to see what he could get away with. If it didn't work, he gave in gracefully and made the best of it.

"He was good at cultivating corn. Lots of horses are always trampling the corn, particularly at the end of the row, where you have to turn around, and they get their feet over the tugs and lean against the tongue and have a terrible time, but Bill stepped around like he was walking on eggs.

"If the horses were loose in the barn lot and I opened the gate to the pasture to let the other horses out and tried to keep Bill in, he would push me right out of the way and go out unless I had a club to stop him with. I hid a club behind me once, and when he tried to push past me I hit him on the nose with it. He was mad at me then and wouldn't go into the barn. I chased him around and finally got him cornered, and he jumped the barbed-wire fence. He got his front feet over all right but came down on the top wire just above his hind feet so that the wires sagged down and left him sitting up just like a dog with his hind feet off the ground.

"I liked to died laughing at him, and he looked very much hurt. If he had struggled he would have cut himself up terribly, but he just sat there while I got the hammer and pulled all of the staples out of the fence and let the wires down to the ground and stood on them and told him to get up. He walked into the barn very slow and looked very dignified and injured.

"Sometimes uncle would unhitch Bill and let him go to the barn by himself. One time uncle stood talking to a man for a long time before following Bill to the barn. Before uncle got to the barn Bill came out. Uncle hollered: 'Bill, you get back in that barn.' Bill stopped and turned part way and looked at uncle and then looked at the gate to the corn-field. The gate was open. Don't tell me that horses can't reason. You could see as plain as day that Bill was figuring up what he stood to win or lose. He took another step toward the gate. Uncle hollered: 'Bill.' Bill stopped and turned his head around and looked at uncle, then took another step and stopped. Then he took another step and then made up his mind that it was all right and trotted off into the corn.

"Uncle just laughed and sent me to get Bill in. Bill didn't knock the corn down but just took a bite here and there as he went along. I couldn't drive him back; he was too fast for me, but after a while he turned and trotted back to the barn. He ran into his stall and acted scared to death. He pushed against his manger and pranced and looked around at me. He was just putting on, because he knew I wouldn't beat him after he had come back. I slapped him on the rump good and put the halter on and cussed him good and he seemed satisfied then. You can't beat a horse when he comes back or he'll take it that he got beaten for coming back and not for running away and he knew it.

"Bill wasn't really afraid of any-

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thing. I could drive him right up alongside of a locomotive and he wouldn't shy, but once in a while on a level stretch of road with nobody in sight he would shy at a bird flying off of a fence-post or some little thing like that. He'd throw his head and tail up and prance and snort like he was scared to death, but it always looked kind of put on to me.

"Bill never bothered the other horses much. Once in a while a new horse would come onto the place that would try to fight him, but Bill would make short work of him. Some horses like to get another horse in a corner and kick or bite him unmercifully, but Bill was too dignified for that sort of thing.

"One winter a terrible blizzard came up. It snowed and blew all day and all night, and next morning it was going harder than ever, with the thermometer at twenty below zero. Uncle Joe said the people in town needed the milk and it would have to go. He put the tongue in the spring wagon and hooked up Bill and John. He loaded up the milk, put on his big fur coat and cap and fur gauntlet-gloves and wrapped a couple of blankets around his legs and started out. The snow was drifted over the tops of the hedges. The wind was blowing so hard you could hardly stand against it, and the air was so full of snow you couldn't see over twenty feet.

"Uncle got back about noon. The snow had frozen onto his eyebrows and eyelashes. He said that he couldn't face the wind. He had to hold one glove up in front of his face and just peek out once in a while. He couldn't see the road and just left it to the horses to find the way. He said they got along fine, only a couple of times they got in so deep they got their front feet over the neck-yoke and he had to get out and clear them. The snow packed under their feet and held them up somewhat, but the wagon-wheels cut through and let the tongue down under the snow. Uncle was the only one to get to town with milk that day.

"My cousin Dick, when he was about four, liked to ride Bill when I was ploughing with Bill and John to the walking-plough. It was handy, because Dick could hang onto the hames, and if he fell off there wasn't anything to hurt him. He got so familiar with Bill that he would get right underneath of him, and if I didn't put him up on his back right when he wanted me to, he would try to climb up one of Bill's front legs. But nobody worried about it, because Bill wouldn't step on him. One time when the team was pulling, Bill's hame-strap broke and the harness slid off and carried Dick with it. Bill stopped dead and didn't move until I had picked Dick up. He was scared and crying pretty bad, and I was afraid it had spoiled his nerve for riding, so I held him until he had calmed down a little and then he wanted to get right back on Bill again. He knew it wasn't Bill's fault.

"Bill did kick me once. A hog got into the barn and ran under Bill's feet and Bill kicked at the hog and hit me. He knocked my feet right out from under me and the hog ran over me. He didn't kick any more, so I wasn't hurt much.

"One time when I was out at uncle's in the summer a terrible storm blew up. It blew and rained for three whole days, and the creek between us and town rose and flooded the bottom-lands and went over the road and the bridge, too, all except the railing. The second day of

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the storm my aunt got very sick. Uncle tried to telephone the doctor but the line was down. He studied it over and said: 'Bub, maybe you can get through on Bill. I'm too heavy. I'll write a letter to the doctor and you can bring the medicine back and find out what to do.'

"I put the saddle and bridle on Bill and struck out. When we got to the bottoms, Bill wanted to turn back. The bottoms are nearly a mile wide there, and the road was almost all out of sight under the water, and I couldn't remember just where it lay, but I told Bill to go ahead. He waded in slow, going very carefully. The water got deeper and deeper till it was almost over Bill's back. The road was very crooked, as it was laid out to follow the highest ground and was graded up four or five feet high. You couldn't see anything but a smooth stretch of water, with a tree sticking up here and there. Bill would turn one way and the other following the road. If he got off the road and into the barbed-wire fence, it would be all up with us, but all I could do was hold the reins and let him go. Just before we got to the bridge he had to swim a little, and then he struck the approach to the bridge and we were all right. Bill tapped with his feet on the bridge at each step to make sure before putting his feet down. The planks were all in place, so we got through.

"The doctor read the letter and said that he ought to go out, that he could get through if I could. He got his satchel and started out with his horse and buggy with me riding alongside. When we got to the water he stopped and looked doubtful. After a while I said that he could get through on Bill if he would sit quiet and let him alone, and I could wait for him in the buggy till he got back. He thought it over and said that he'd try it. He mounted Bill and I told him: 'Now let him alone. Don't try to tell him where to go.'

"Bill didn't like it at first. He kept looking back at me, but I told him it was all right, to go ahead. I could see them most of the way across and I felt sure that Bill would make it if the doctor just wouldn't get scared where the road was crooked and run Bill into the fence. Well, they made it all right, and in a couple of hours they came back. The doctor said everything was all right and he'd come out again when the water went down a bit.

"The only time Bill ever came anywhere near balking was going to church. He certainly hated to take the family to church on Sunday, particularly in the winter. There was an open shed for the horses, and I guess he got cold waiting through the long service. Sunday morning he didn't know how to get into the shafts of the surrey. Then he stopped at every gate and tried to turn off at every crossroad. He pretended to be trotting like everything, but it was all up and down and we hardly moved. Uncle didn't go to church, and my aunt held the reins and she couldn't do anything with him. Once he went lame about a quarter of a mile from the house and we thought he had picked up a nail. My aunt turned him around and he limped back home. Uncle unhitched him and picked up his feet and examined them but couldn't find anything wrong. He thought maybe he had sprained an ankle, so we hooked up another horse and went to church. The next day Bill was all right.

"When I was a young fellow, Uncle Joe sold out and moved to town, and one of the neighbors got Bill. When I

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was grown up I went to farming myself and I saw Bill once in a while.

"Mr. Potter, the man that owned Bill, was pretty poor, but he kept him after he was too old to work much any more. He let him run in the pasture in the summer-time and take life easy.

"Potter had a little boy and girl. They didn't have any way to get to town or any spending-money, so one June they picked a lot of cherries and got Old Bill up from the pasture and rigged him up with some old bits of harness patched together with string and wire and hooked him up to an old tumble-down spring wagon. They drove to town to peddle the cherries and get some spending-money. The little girl would stay in the wagon and mind the outfit while the boy went around to the back doors to sell the cherries.

"Once while the boy was in one of the houses making a sale, the old bridle fell apart and came off, and Old Bill, seeing himself free, took a notion to start out for home. The little girl sawed on the lines, but of course it didn't do any good with the bit under Old Bill's neck. A lot of women sitting out on the front porches got scared and ran out and screamed till a man stopped Old Bill. Then the boy came out from the house and they all gave him hark from the tomb for leaving his sister in the wagon; said she might have been killed and so on.

"I was on my way to town and arrived on the scene just at this time. I spoke up and said: 'Now hold on, folks. I've known this horse all my life and he wouldn't run away and hurt anybody. I used to read the paper all the way out to the farm driving him with the lines hooked over the dashboard. If all you people had as much sense as Old Bill here has, you'd have something to be proud of.' So they shut up and let the boy alone.

"Mr. Potter wouldn't let them peddle fruit any more on account of the accident. He said it would look as though he wasn't taking proper care of his children. But Old Bill got a job peddling again before long.

"A Mr. Morris in town had gone broke in the coal business and went insane. Not very bad but he couldn't work. His wife ran a little store and the six kids helped in the store and carried papers and did anything they could to bring in a little money, and so they got along. They borrowed Old Bill after the Potter children had to quit, and went to peddling vegetables that they bought at wholesale. They made out fine at it. They were very likable youngsters and I imagine that people bought more from them than they could use. They got out and pushed the wagon to help Bill up the hills. Old Bill of course played dumb with them, and they scolded him and slapped him with the lines, and altogether they all had the time of their lives.

"Well, there were a lot of old women in the town that had outlived their usefulness and they got the idea of organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The opposition women that got left out of that society started one of their own for the prevention of cruelty to children. The first outfit came down on the Morris children for abusing Old Bill and had them up in court. The second gang hadn't had a case yet, so they came down on Mr. and Mrs. Morris for not providing for the children. It looked for a while like the kids were going to be sent to a home

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and Old Bill was going to be shot. Some neighbors offered to put up enough money to keep the Morrises going and keep the family together. The children didn't want to accept charity when they could take care of themselves, but they decided it was better than going to jail. Potter came in and claimed Old Bill, and so there he was back in the pasture again.

"One spring I needed an extra horse to take the milk to town so the others could keep on ploughing. I couldn't find a cheap horse in the country, but Mr. Potter said I could have Old Bill if I would take good care of him.

"Bill was about twenty-four years old by that time and hadn't done any work for quite a while. His teeth were all worn down to little round knobs at the roots, so he couldn't chew his feed good, and he was thin, hadn't shed yet, and looked terrible. But for all that, he was absolutely sound in wind and limb.

"I took him and started feeding him fresh-cut alfalfa uncured and crushed oats, and he ate it fine. The second day I decided to see if he could make the trip to town. As soon as I started putting the harness on, he threw his head up and started stepping around. He started down the road with his head up and his tail over the dashboard, but in about a mile the sweat was running down his legs, and though he was trotting fast, the wagon was hardly moving. I stopped him and let him rest till he was ready to go again. We finally got to town and back again, but poor Old Bill was white with lather and about all in, but you could see he was proud of himself.

"The feed agreed with him fine and he put on some flesh and shed off nice, and his new coat shone in the sun. He did much better as time went on, but he would still trot straight up and down in one place when he got tired instead of stopping before he was told to. There was one bad hill to climb and he'd take a good rest before he tackled it. Then he'd dig in and go up it like he used to when he was a four-year-old, but he had to be rested again at the top.

"One day we met two strangers on the road in a buggy. They stopped and motioned me to stop. One, an old man, got out and came over and said: 'I'm a veterinarian, just moved to town, and I'd like to get your work. Now, your mare here is kind of poor. You bring her in to me and I'll fix her up so she'll feed better and put on flesh.'

"I said: 'He's a horse. He's twenty-four years old.'

"He said: 'I know her teeth are bad. I'll file them down so she can chew her feed.'

"I said: 'He ain't got any teeth.'

"The other man got out and said, 'He's terrible deaf,' and then he hollered in the vet's ear: 'It's a horse, twenty-four years old.'

"The old vet. said: 'Never mind. I know she's got the bots. I can get rid of them and she'll put on flesh.'

"Me and the other fellow shouted together: 'He's a horse. He's a horse.'

"The old fellow said: 'I know she's horsin'. You can't tell me nothing. I been a veterinarian for fifty years.'

"We all shouted together and then the other fellow shouted in the old man's ear till he understood. He looked kind of crestfallen, and then he climbed back in the buggy and they drove off.

"After the spring work was over I didn't need Old Bill any more, so I kept him out in the pasture. There was a missionary preacher who used to come

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out to my place with his wife and three children to tramp around the pasture, and they took a liking to Old Bill. The children rode him and brought him sugar and carrots.

"When they found out that I didn't need him they wanted to take him home with them for the children to play with. They had a little one-acre place just out of town. I never had much use for preachers and missionaries in particular, but this fellow wasn't so bad. It was a lot of trouble to get out and cut a bushel of fresh alfalfa for Old Bill every morning. I told the preacher all about how Old Bill had to be fed, and he promised to treat him right, so I let him have him. They led him off down the road with the children dancing around him.

"I went over to see how Old Bill was getting along in a week or so. They had a tight little barn, and Old Bill was lying down in his stall asleep. He was bedded down about a foot deep with straw, and the children had spread an old blanket over him and put two pillows under his head."

Women's Colleges and Race Extinction

BY HENRY T. MOORE
President of Skidmore College

Does education for women mean race suicide? Here is statistical evidence to show that type of education may be an important factor.

Worse than any accusation ever pointed at Judge Lindsey and companionate marriage is the one which is levelled against the seven leading women's colleges by Henry R. Carey in his recent article in *The North American,* "Sterilizing the Fittest." He makes the devastating charge that these exclusive institutions are so prejudicing their graduates against wifehood and motherhood that they are cutting off the next generation from its natural supply of first-rate minds; they are cultivating the individual at the clear cost of race deterioration and are responsible for policies which if carried much further will have done more harm to the home than any other single influence in present-day society.

The charge is a serious one, and it is apparently supported by conclusive data except that Smith and Vassar fall less clearly within his conclusions, and data are not presented for Radcliffe. For the other four colleges, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley, he finds clear proof that they are guilty of "the wholesale suppression of marriage among the selected best of the nation."

The sad conclusion to which his argument would lead us is that the endowments and equipment that are now being built up for these institutions will shortly fall like ripe plums into the hands of the more fertile members of society, daughters perhaps of lower-class immigrants who will take as ready possession of their accidental heritage as did the barbarian invaders of decadent Rome.

The first question that raises itself in

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the face of his depressing array of facts is whether we are not, after all, just being confronted again with the age-old tendency of the controlling social group to disappear through a declining birth-rate. Ever since the Emperor Augustus failed two thousand years ago in his pleas to the best Roman stock to perpetuate itself by larger families instances have multiplied to show that the biological penalty of social success is death. Thirty years ago Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution" offered elaborate proof that human evolution is not, and cannot be, primarily intellectual for the reason that the intellectual elements of any population will always show a retarded rate of propagation. The qualities which, in his evolutionary scheme, best make for self-perpetuation are "energy, resolution, enterprise, powers of prolonged and concentrated application, and a sense of simple-minded and single-minded devotion to conceptions of duty." For biological purposes the most important single human trait is, said Benjamin Kidd, a sense of reverence, a sense which tends to disappear in every dominant and intellectual class. He found that, as western civilization is at present constituted, the lower the station in life, the greater the probability of offspring who would in time supplant the present controlling groups in society. Benjamin Kidd's new version of "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," is mournfully seconded by Madison Grant in "The Passing of the Great Race," in which the author makes the melancholy forecast that "the native American must turn the page of history and write: 'Finis Americæ.'"

The most startling proof of the imminent dying out of the early American is provided by the studies of Baber and Ross of Wisconsin. In their "Changes in the Size of American Families in One Generation" they find that whereas the fertile families of a generation ago averaged 5.44 children each, the corresponding average for the present generation is but 3.35 per family, a decrease of nearly 40 per cent in a single generation. When allowance has been made for childless families the absolute rate of decrease is such that the second generation after the present one will, according to these authors, produce families with an average of 1.05 children, or one-third of the minimum necessary for continuance of the race.

Evidently the tendency pointed out by Mr. Carey for women's colleges is in one sense only a special instance of the general trend of all upper classes toward extinction. It is one more illustration of the imminent depletion of early American stock. He has, however, gone much further and shown that this trend is exaggerated to an extreme degree at Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley as compared with Harvard and Yale. The fact that Harvard graduates beget twice as many children per person as the alumnæ of the same age in these four women's colleges makes the case conspicuously bad for the women, since Harvard's birth-rate itself is so low that it has been estimated that a class of one thousand of its graduates today will have only fifty male descendants two hundred years from now. The line of Harvard graduates from 1891 to 1900 will be extinct in six hundred years, according to the estimates of Phillips, published in *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. Yet Harvard beside the women's colleges stands out as a conspicuous example of fertility!

While men's colleges are losing ground in comparison with the country as a whole the leading women's colleges

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are losing ground in comparison with those of the men, and their trend toward extinction is being rapidly accelerated in the later decades. For example, the marriage-rate of the earlier Mount Holyoke graduates was 85 per cent as against a present rate of only 50 per cent.

Obviously we cannot, without protest, accept a situation in women's colleges which points to the extinction of families within a century or more. If we agree with Henry Fairfield Osborn that "the conservation of native American stock is the fundamental patriotic value now at stake in the United States" we shall be inclined to find something almost treasonable in the present birth-rate of the leading women's colleges. No conceivable advantages which these colleges offer their present students can compensate for a human loss which will, in the long run, mean social bankruptcy. No single generation can hand down its birthright of academic culture to an entirely new population with no traditions —"a generation which knew not Joseph"—to whom the original purposes of its institutions will be entirely strange. The situation clearly calls for explanation leading to readjustment, and since the explanation is necessarily complex every clew is worth consideration.

The search for a clew as to the sterility of the older colleges leads to the query whether other institutions of different curricula stand in a different case. What, for example, would have been the result of comparing A.B. with B.S. graduates or purely vocational with academic institutions? What differences in marriage-rate would have appeared if graduates in domestic or secretarial science, fine art or physical education, were compared with each other? The necessary data for a confident answer to these questions are not yet at hand, but the writer has discovered at least one promising clew in the analysis of the marriage figures for one of the newer types of institution for women, which is distinguished for its parallel programmes of A.B. and B.S. courses. The feature of the Skidmore College curriculum which sets it especially apart from the older women's colleges is that two-thirds of its present graduates, and all of its graduates prior to 1924, combined both technical and academic courses in almost equal proportions. Major programmes in Fine Arts, Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Science, Nursing and Health, and Physical Education added to equal programmes of academic courses lead to the B.S. degree which is sought by two-thirds of its present students. The other third, the A.B. students, have a course made up almost wholly of academic subjects, as in the case of the Liberal Arts students in the older women's colleges.

It is of interest, in the present connection, to examine the marriage statistics of three types of Skidmore graduates: 1, those above thirty years of age, all having the combined technical and liberal training; 2, the B.S. graduates between twenty-one and twenty-six years of age, all having both technical and liberal courses; and 3, the A.B. graduates between twenty-one and twenty-six years of age, all having a Liberal Arts course very similar to that at the older women's colleges.

For the special purpose of comparison with Carey's data I have combined in the first table his figures of marriage-rates for graduates over thirty years with the rates for graduates of the same age at Skidmore. Separate figures are also included for the Fine Arts graduates, since they appear clearly to form a special group.

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TABLE I

GRADUATES OF	AGE	PER CENT MARRIED	DATE
Skidmore (Fine Arts majors)...	30–36	78.8	1929
Harvard.....	30–42	73.77	1925–1928
Skidmore (B.S. graduates)	30–36	65.3	1924
Smith.....	30–36	63.6	1928
Wellesley.....	35–42	61.8	1928
Bryn Mawr.....	30–42	57.27	1928
Barnard.....	30–42	50.73	1925
Mount Holyoke.....	30–42	49.25	1928

Two facts stand out in the above table. The marriage-rate of the thirty-year-old B.S. graduates of Skidmore is slightly higher than that of the graduates of the same age of the older women's colleges, while the rate for graduates who have majored in Fine Arts is higher even than that of the men's colleges as represented by Harvard.

A similar condition appears when we compare the younger Skidmore graduates among themselves, as will be seen in the second table.

TABLE II

	AGE	PER CENT MARRIED
B.S. graduates in Fine Arts ..	21–26	36.0
B.S. graduates, all courses ...	21–26	30.1
A.B. and General Studies graduates.....	21–26	25.2

From the second table it appears that the younger graduates with the combined technical and liberal training marry 20 per cent more frequently than the A.B. students and that the Fine Arts group marries 45 per cent more frequently. One interpretation which suggests itself is that perhaps the technical-minded B.S. student may be, after all, of somewhat lower intellectual average than the A.B. group, and that these differences in marriage-rates may be only the expression of a higher natural rate for the less intellectual group, but this interpretation is strongely refuted in the present comparison by the fact that students majoring in the Fine Arts have consistently shown psychological ratings above the average of the college as a whole, while their showing in their academic courses, all of which they attend in common with the A.B. students, is in no way inferior.

We have, then, in our Fine Arts majors at Skidmore, who at present number more than one hundred and twenty out of six hundred and twenty-five students, a group which is well above the average intellectually, and which after graduation maintains a marriage-rate nearly half again as high as that of the Liberal Arts alumnæ. The data here submitted are too few to warrant any dogmatic conclusion. It will be of interest to see whether they are valid for other institutions with programmes similar to that of Skidmore. Meanwhile we are led, if not to a conclusion, at least to an interesting speculation concerning the function of art in the education of women, its relation to their satisfaction in life and to the propagation of the race. Since the art interest of women leads so naturally to concern about beautiful household arrangement, well-designed dress, and well-bred manners, as well as to good taste in pictures and music, we are led to wonder whether this interest in its broadest sense, the enthusiasm for beauty and order, the feeling for balance and proportion, should not be made the corner-stone of sex differentiation in higher education.

In all of the modern stampede to make woman as indistinguishable as possible from man, and through all of the efforts of the mental testers to give scientific support to the plea for indistinguishability there has always been a

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conservative minority which has held to the view of common sense and has insisted that the difference of mental outlook of the two sexes may, after all, be great enough to justify a larger concentration of women in the general field of art and of men in the general field of business and science.

When common sense and science clash it is more often science which has the last word, but not always. Occasionally the worm turns and a supposedly scientific doctrine unacceptable to common sense continues to be scrutinized until a glaring flaw is later discovered in it. The histories of both medicine and psychology are strewn with the wrecks of just such doctrines, and the recent hypothesis of the identical interests of men and women bids fair to number itself at some later time among the broken idols of earlier science.

There are even now occasional straws which indicate a change of direction of the winds of doctrine. Latterly psychological observers have noted in the street conversations of men and women in New York, in London, and in Columbus, Ohio, a constant tendency of men to discuss money and business more than ten times as frequently as women, and of women to discuss decoration and clothing almost correspondingly more often than men. After making all due allowance for differences in training there is a clear indication here of a great difference in the original tendencies of the two sexes toward certain types of enthusiasm.

If we may grant this apparent difference in favor of woman's greater natural capacity for art interest it would appear logical that when this capacity is given full play in her college education the resulting product will be an alumna who is somewhat readier to face life as a whole, to share such social responsibility as marriage and such personal risk as the bearing and rearing of children, because she will have experienced early in life the intense satisfaction of becoming absorbed in creative work. John Dewey has said: "I have found that the best way to get rid of myself is to give myself away." This art of giving oneself away is one which is surely encouraged by the formation of creative habits at college age. Certainly there is nothing more endearing to the mate of the opposite sex than personal devotion to creative pursuits.

Much further investigation would be needed before such conclusions could be stated with final confidence, but I strongly suspect that the woman who approaches her occupation with the art interest prominently in mind will live more happily, marry, and have more children than the one who seeks only the ultimate reward of a Phi Beta Kappa key or a sterile business position. The college which fails to provide conspicuously for the special cultivation of her primary creative capacities, whether in intellectual, domestic, or physical departments, is guilty of a crime against nature. It is reducing the life satisfaction and minimizing the biological appeal of those who have the most to give to the race.

The criticism is often heard that fathers and brothers are willing to contribute overgenerously to the endowment of men's colleges, but will cut their subscriptions to a mere fraction when the women's colleges are in question. Perhaps they have an instinctive aversion to hastening the extinction of their families! Surely the time is at hand to experiment boldly with curricula more obviously suited for the enrichment of women as members of society.

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The Carapacho Centipede

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

If all the vessels that ever have sailed upon the oceans had left their wakes crystallized behind them, not many spaces of blue water would remain unstreaked: long lines of gleaming foam, imperishably set, would lace the seas; thin flexible chains of silver filigree, heaving with the waves, would hold the oceans in a net of strange and uneven mesh. Along most of the shores, and where the great trade routes have been, and are, there would be no interstices in this net: the wakes of steamers, overlying those of sailing ships, as automobile highways overlie the Indian trails, would leave great swathes of solid white from port to port, swathes so broad that a traveller might voyage from New York to the Mediterranean, from Singapore to Suez, and see no fleck of blue—nothing save the glittering chips of broken water.

There would be spaces where the mesh was fine, covering the blue intricately; and perhaps nowhere would the tenuous white strands be stretched so far apart that a porpoise could not leap from one blue patch into the next one, and then, with one more soaring dive, into another. For on the sea as on the land, save where both are gripped in everlasting ice, there are few spots where a man can proudly feel "Here am I where no man ever was!"

Yet this precisely was Mr. Allerton's thought as he stood by the forward rail of the bridge and watched the slim, sharp prow of the *Allertia,* his yacht, slitting the silken waters of the Pacific. Bulging slightly, like the top of a huge blue balloon, the shimmering circle of ocean that took Mr. Allerton for its centre, and the unclouded sky for its circumference, bore no traces of the passage of any vessel save his. But if it had, Mr. Allerton would not have modified his thought, for by "no man" he meant no civilized, wealthy, enlightened white man like himself.

In truth he was sailing a lonely sea—an empty sea ever since the shrinking of the whaling industry had destroyed the last cause why ships should visit that part of the Pacific; for no vessels ever uselessly embarked upon a "blue-water" voyage till yachts had been made both safe and powerful. The idea, however, of letting the force of four thousand horses thrust the *Allertia* for no reason into distant, lonely oceans had disquieted Mr. Allerton. Although he was a "millionaire of the third generation," he was also an American: he needed a reason for doing what he did, and so he had provided himself with one by turning this trip of his into a scientific expedition. And now, leaning on the rail of the bridge, he looked down upon the deck and felt an almost paternal satisfaction at seeing there the figure of his fish-expert, his young ichthyologist. "Here am I"—Mr. Allerton amplified his thought—"bringing the trained minds of modern civilization into the solitary far corners of the world! That is true romance!"

The young ichthyologist, Arthur Banning, stood peering into the water off the *Allertia's* starboard bow; but his

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trained mind was not occupied professionally. It could have been, for flying-fishes scudded over the water, and, under it, tunny-fishes, like brilliant, lavender projectiles, shot after them, then returned to wait for another spattering flight. Banning, however, was not heeding these creatures as they strove for livelihood, although it was the means of his own livelihood to heed them; he was gazing morosely at the short bowsprit that projected from the *Allertia's* bow, and his reflections would not have gratified Mr. Allerton.

"Vestigial spike!" Banning addressed the bowsprit. "What good are you? Once you were valuable and added to the beauty and symmetry of great ships; but stuck onto the snout of this ferret of a boat you look like hell. Ferret!" He repeated the word, liking it, and addressed the yacht, herself: "You sharp-nosed, pink-eyed ferret of the seas! You epitome of idle curiosity! You palace of the patron of the twentieth century—the patron of Science with a capital S! For centuries artists and writers have been losing their souls under the suave meddling of patrons, and now you come along and suggest how delightful the patronage of scientists could be. How picturesque and how comfortable! China-boy stewards, English valets, beef tea, cocktails, radios, champagne, deck-tennis, a laboratory—and a woman! There's a cargo for a scientific expedition!"

Two of these items of cargo were at present making themselves audible: a subdued tinkle of music came from beneath a gayly striped awning over the after part of the forward deck, and often, above this music, a woman's laugh rang out three cool notes. Banning had withdrawn himself from these sounds. Unless he walked out upon the despised bowsprit he could not have gone farther; but it seemed to him that this feminine laugh, which put a frown between his eyes whenever it sounded, was just as loud and musical as when he had stood under the awning and watched the owner of it as she made herself animated for Gifford, the entomologist of the expedition. Distance usually diminishes sounds, and the fact that it didn't, in this instance, roused Banning to no conjectures concerning the acoustics south of the equator. It appeared merely to anger him.

He lifted one of his hands from the rail and looked at it. "To think I came on this trip mainly for my health!" he muttered.

His hand was brown and steady, wholly unlike the pale and tremulous member it had been three months before; but he was not grateful. On the contrary, he was glad they approached Carapacho Island, the climax of the show—after that, would come the return voyage, and, within a month, he'd be back in his laboratory in the Cameron Foundation. No musical laugh would disturb him there. No patron would extract information from him and insist that it concern something "heretofore unknown to science."

And yet Banning had really nothing against his present employer, Mr. Allerton. If an over-rich man wished to fit up his yacht as a travelling experiment in zoology, why shouldn't he? And if his charming niece, recovering from the termination of an unsuccessful marriage, wished to accompany him and distract herself as a dilettante zoologist, why shouldn't she? But Mrs. Dale's zoological studies seemed to be mainly anthropological. Her animals for study appeared to be the "distinguished scientists" on

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board. Even a dilettante zoologist isn't supposed to flirt with the specimens; yet that seemed to be Mrs. Dale's present occupation and her relation to Francis Gifford, the most picturesque of the "distinguished," the bug man.

Banning inspected his exceedingly healthy-looking hand again and wondered whether the nervous system did play any great part in determining the body's condition: never, he knew, had he felt nervously so unwell and irritable, and never had he been so bodily fit. "I might have an excuse for being such a fool," he thought crossly, "if I'd only stayed sick!"

Opalescent showers of flying-fishes continued to add dazzling points to an ocean already dazzlingly flecked with sunshine; a tropic-bird swept its long, milky tail-plumes across a sky of azure; and ahead, on the rim of the horizon, what appeared to be an inverted dome of crystal was trembling. It was the air over Carapacho Island; the island, itself, was still invisible. Banning made an effort to seem peculiarly interested by these marine phenomena when he heard Mrs. Dale's laughter again, and, because the sounds of footsteps mingled with it, he knew she was coming toward him. He leaned upon the rail more earnestly. Francis Gifford was walking with her.

"You'll see dragon-flies measuring close to a foot in wing-spread," Banning heard him say; then he could hear no more. The pair had turned and were strolling back along the smooth deck.

"Carapacho Island is the home of bugs exclusively, I've no doubt he's brilliantly convincing her," Banning thought; and for the next few minutes the snatches of Mr. Gifford's conversation that came to his ears, every second or so, increased his ill humor.

"Delilah's embrace is a haven of safety compared to the embrace offered by the mantis to her beloved," Gifford said.

"So we're getting the love-life of an insect, now!" Banning thought bitterly, not comforted by recollecting that only the morning before he, himself, had enthralled Mrs. Dale by describing the fish from the abysmal depths that carries its husband— He groaned, remembering that from God knew what asinine delicacy or, worse, gallantry he had used the word "husband" in speaking of the parasitic male that is welded to the velvet-black flank of the female of a species of "sea devil." "Gifford's no more badly off than I am!" he muttered; and then he had to turn from the rail. Mrs. Dale spoke to him.

"Isn't it exciting, Arthur?" she said. "We'll sight Carapacho Island any moment! There's no spot like it on earth, Francis says. There are the most fascinating and monstrous bugs there—bugs that live nowhere else in the world!"

"There are probably bugs in New Jersey that live nowhere else in the world," Banning responded ungraciously.

"Arthur!" Mrs. Dale cried reproachfully; then she gave a sigh that did not appear to either gentleman to be exaggerated. "How can you—just when I'm preparing to be more excited over Carapacho Island than I've ever been over anything in my life!"

"Well," Banning returned defensively, "you'd have more reason to be excited if the bugs on Carapacho were exactly like those in New Jersey, because then you could make stupendous guesses about how Carapacho got torn off the Atlantic coast and hurled way down here in the Pacific. Only collectors are interested in finding new species, aren't they, Gifford?"

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"No," Francis Gifford replied stiffly. "A new species, as you're quite aware, Banning, may——"

"May be named by its collector," Banning interrupted.

"Ah, stop it, Arthur!" Mrs. Dale exclaimed. "You shan't ruin my new, mysterious island. Francis has been making it seem so weird, so haunted by preposterous and dangerous insects!"

"Dangerous?" Banning asked incredulously. Suddenly, as he looked at Mrs. Dale, he felt a strange tingling emptiness just beneath his diaphragm: to his bewilderment, he seemed, himself, to stand that moment in mortal danger. Before his eyes, Mrs. Dale's small and delicate figure appeared to be surrounded by a luminous mist, a vapor that was perfect and beautiful for her to live in but death for him; and he stared at her as though he were heeding the advice of the poet who said: "Look thy last on all things lovely every hour." He saw her thick, yellow hair (for the trimming of which a French barber had been made a part of the expedition), her eyes, astonishingly brown, as brown as the fur of a beaver, her short nose, and her mouth (her mouth had tasted so many flavors both sweet and sour that were untasted by him), and he saw the pearls that gleamed about her neck and disappeared under the collar of her plain, straight dress of green linen. "Dangerous?" he repeated huskily.

"Terribly dangerous!" Mrs. Dale cried. She put one hand on Gifford's arm. "Francis says there's a centipede on the island whose bite is certain death; and he's going to catch some. I'm going with him, though I know I'll be frightened out of my wits!"

"There's never any danger in dealing with poisonous insects if you know what you're about—no danger at all," Gifford said soothingly.

Banning no longer had the weakening sensation below his chest; instead he felt exhilarated. "Fatuous!" he thought of his colleague, the entomologist; and, securely pleased to believe that he, himself, had never been so fatuous when Mrs. Dale thus played him off against Gifford, he laughed. "Poisonous!" he said. "Alberoni visited Carapacho and reported no poisonous anything."

"Alberoni was an ornithologist," Gifford said quickly. "He wasn't much more conversant with entomology than if he'd been an ichthyologist, if you'll forgive me, Banning."

"Alberoni's observations weren't made to impress—" Banning began; but Mrs. Dale interrupted him.

"And did Alberoni really say that Francis's centipede isn't poisonous?" she inquired, a smile stirring the corners of her mouth. She had almost exclaimed: "Children! Children!" instead of the admonitory "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" that the occasion seemed about to demand; but she refrained. "I don't believe a word of it, if he did," she went on. "Why, centipedes are one of Francis's particular specialties. They're mainly why we're going to Carapacho."

"If I had to choose, Banning," Gifford said, "I'd prefer to be mixed up with one of those barracuda you claim are more dangerous than sharks, rather than receive a pin-point stab from any Carapacho Scolopendra."

Mrs. Dale shuddered with some violence. "Are they really so fatal as that, Francis? They bite with their feet, don't they? If they just run over you, does it kill you?"

"They do bite with their feet. You're right about that, Louise," Gifford re-

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plied, as though he were commending a bright and favored pupil. "But not with all of them. Only one pair of legs are modified into piercing, hollow fangs that hold the ducts from poison glands. I've dissected a number of them."

"Ever been bitten by one?" Banning inquired dryly.

"You're still insisting they aren't poisonous, are you, Banning?" Gifford's voice was harsh with irritation.

"Possibly they do poison their natural diet," Banning answered. "But they don't habitually feed upon men, do they?"

"What's this?" Mr. Allerton, who had walked up behind the disputants, interposed heartily. "A scientific argument? Go to it, gentlemen! Nothing so invigorates the brain as argument!"

But when he heard from a demure Mrs. Dale what the dispute was about, his heartiness diminished; he preferred the centipedes to be poisonous. "Come, Banning," he said reprovingly, "you're a good fish man; but Gifford's our bug authority."

"Certainly," Banning murmured. He understood that the most innocent vanity was driving Mr. Allerton to prevent his expedition from losing any of the glory peril lends. Banning was annoyed with himself, and he knew it; but this knowledge did not help him. "I merely base my opinion on Alberoni's visit to the island," he added grimly.

"Alberoni didn't visit Carapacho!" Mr. Allerton cried. "You'd hardly call touching there for half an hour or so by accident a visit! Carapacho is a totally new field for science, isn't it, Gifford?"

"Totally," Gifford answered.

"And you're sure about the deadliness of this centipede you speak of?" Mr. Allerton appealed to him again, almost beseechingly.

"Nearly all the members of the genus Scolopendra are venomous," Gifford assured him, "and I'm confident that the Carapacho species is decidedly so."

"There, Banning, that's pretty conclusive evidence," Mr. Allerton said; then eagerly he turned to Gifford again. "We'll show Alberoni up on this!" he exclaimed. "We'll have some first-class color-plates made of these deadly centipedes and put out a bang-up book on the matter. We'll——"

Banning could endure no more. He bowed to Mrs. Dale, and, turning, entered the small, beautifully equipped laboratory that had been set up in front of the awnings on the *Allertia's* forward deck. "Fools! Fools, both of us! Talking so pompously while really we were doing nothing but being sore at each other over a woman. We're mechanisms that she can manipulate as she wishes; and my mind knows all about it all the time it's happening to me—knows and can't help me!"

He rested his forehead on the edge of his desk, oblivious to the strong fishy odor that clung there; and, despairingly, he knew that he cared much more than a devoted-to-science fish man should care for a millionaire lady—a lady who was beautiful, a lady who knew his species better than he knew any species of fish.

II

The sun had not yet risen out of the sea behind Carapacho Island the next morning when Arthur Banning pushed his dinghy off from the *Allertia's* gangway. The smooth water that filled the bowl of an ancient volcano, and provided a deep anchorage for the yacht,

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was like a sheet of dull zinc; and the cliffs that had once formed the rim of a seething crater but now lifted no more than thirty feet of their broken crests above the sea, were black. As he rowed, Banning could hear the splash of his oars reverberating sombrely between these rocky arms, and he was conscious of thinking that some day, perhaps, he would discover that it had really been he living through this grim dawn. For it seemed that a mechanical body rowed his boat while he, himself, the entity that was he, crouched remote, preoccupied with pain. He had not slept that night.

It was half an hour before he drove his skiff over the perpetual swell that made a thick crease in the silver water across the entrance to the crater-harbor; then, as he rounded a point to row along the outer coast of the island, the sun, pushing aside a mantle of flamingo-pink clouds, rolled clear above the rim of the calm ocean. It was day.

"She'll be waking up now," he thought; and he gave such a pull at the oars that the dinghy bounced. "How many other men, miserably wake at dawn, have thought that? How many other men has she made suffering monkeys of?"

He rowed on until he found an inlet; then, swinging his skiff about, he let a sliding tongue of water carry him in, and, before the slender, lapping wave could retreat, he had landed and pulled his boat out on a slab of lava.

Hundreds of large, scarlet crabs, the long, blue stalks of their eyes agitatedly waving, scrambled away over ebony boulders; but Banning did not pursue them, though they were the bait he needed for the traps and nets he had piled in the stern of his dinghy. He stood looking out to sea; he had eaten no breakfast, and he did not want to smoke; nevertheless, he took his pipe from a pocket, filled and lighted it, and, still gazing out to sea, puffed dismally until it was empty of fire.

Then, almost as though he were fleeing from a tidal wave, he began to hurry inland. For two hours he struggled over the rough lava, sometimes up to his knees in cinders, sometimes crashing through the brittle roofs of hollow tubes where liquid flame once had flowed. He was hot and tired, his hands and shins bled from small cuts when, at his feet, he saw—a Carapacho centipede, an exquisite monster a foot long. Centipedes have been called galley-worms, and this one was the accurate miniature of such a slim, wicked craft with long, black lacquered sweeps protruding from its crimson hull.

Banning snatched at it; but it slid from under his hand. He blocked its way with his canvas hat; but, without needing to turn, it ran swiftly backward. Banning was in a panic of fear lest it escape him. The meaning of his life seemed to have been focussed on catching it, and he whispered and muttered as he feinted and dodged, trying with ten fingers to seize a creature with forty legs. Expletives that he had not uttered since his childhood came to his lips. "Moses!" he whispered. "Judas priest, hold still! Gee whiz, will you hold still!"

Then in desperation he reached for his pocket-knife; but, in the second he took to spring open a blade, the unguarded galley-worm shot for a deep fissure. With the knife in his hand, Banning flung himself forward, impaling the last segment of the prize as it was disappearing.

Panting, he rose with the writhing centipede firmly pinched between his thumb and forefinger. "Poisonous, are you?" he asked aloud. "We'll see about

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that!" He shoved a bare forearm under the creature's head. "Bite, will you?"

The centipede, its legs running wildly in air, curled backward. "So you won't even bite, you certain death you!" Banning muttered. "I didn't think you would!" Again he thrust his arm under its barbed head. "Bite!" he ordered.

This time he was obeyed; the centipede sank its fangs in the insistent bare arm it could not evade. "Let's have all the fatal juice you've got!" Banning cried. "Don't hold out on me!"

When he had hurled the centipede as far away as he could throw it, he sat down on a heap of pumice already hot under the climbing sun. "What in hell did I do that for? Scientific curiosity?" He laughed bitterly. "Nobody saw me, thank God, anyway." He looked at the punctures in his arm. "No worse than a couple of hornet stings—but what kind of a rank, infantile fool am I?"

He took his pipe from his pocket and found that his hands were trembling. They trembled the more as he looked at them; they trembled more and more; and it took him nearly ten minutes to fill and light the pipe. "Showing off!" he thought, smoking rapidly. "Showing off for the benefit of my own demented ego, that's what I was doing! And if it'd been a rattlesnake—if I'd known it was deadly—I'd probably have done the same fool stunt. That's how far gone I am. I'm out of my head over a woman who's only interested in the reactions she arouses in me—and they say women haven't scientific minds!"

Gripping the pipe between his teeth, he held his head in his hands. "Louise! Louise!" he whispered. "What have you done to me?"

Then he jumped up, and, forgetting the hat that he had dropped before he stabbed the centipede, he went on, walking hurriedly over the tortured crust of the island. His bitten arm was throbbing; but he expected that, and he gave it no heed—he almost enjoyed the distraction of physical pain—until nearly an hour later. By that time his arm was swollen to the shoulder and he had begun to feel both dizzy and nauseated. He sat down on a tilted disk of lava and rubbed his forehead. "My hat," he murmured dazedly. "I've lost my hat."

He knew that he could never find it in all that jostled volcanic waste; nevertheless, he got up, and, while a fear seemed to coil and uncoil like a cold snake within him, he attempted to retrace his steps. He knew where he was. On three sides of the island he could see the glittering ocean. He could see the harbor, too, and the *Allertia* like a rich child's toy boat floating in a small tide-pool; and suddenly he felt the grotesque loneliness that a wireless operator must feel when, still in communication with the shore, he goes down in a foundering ship. Banning was afraid he was going to die—he thought he knew he was going to die.

Die! His arm pained unbearably; and, when he tried to tie a handkerchief over his head to protect it from the heat that already had beaten upon it too long, he found that he could not bend his elbow. He had to sit down and incline his aching head within the reach of his swollen, numb fingers.

When he stood up again he discovered that he was not going to be able to walk much farther; and, concentrating all his will upon directing his stumbling feet, he marched slowly toward a high rib of black rock at the base of which was a narrow strip of shadow. The shadow would move, he knew; but he did not know whether he would be able to move with it. When finally he reached the rock and lay down in the heated

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shade it cast, he closed his eyes and felt that he could never move again.

"Louise!" He whispered Mrs. Dale's name almost as if that were the appropriate and creditable thing for him to do; and then a strange thing happened to him—stranger than any of the things that had been happening to him ever since he embarked on Mr. Allerton's scientific expedition: he discovered that he did not love Mrs. Dale. He did not care for her at all. He did not even hate her. He had no feeling for her whatsoever—none!

"And I might have found out something about life," he thought. "I might have learned something about the structure and the lives of fishes that would have illuminated—illuminated—something. And I've thrown away my chance—my only life—for a woman who is nothing to me—nothing!"

His body seemed to be dissolving, turning into hot and cold vapors. "I've thrown my life away," he went on thinking. "I've thrown it away for a perfect stranger. What did I care about proving to myself or any one else that I was right about centipedes not being poisonous? Right! It was she who made me think I had to care about such nonsense. It doesn't matter to me now whether I'm dying from the centipede or a sunstroke or both. What does it matter whether I or any man is right or wrong about anything? Nothing matters—only that I've lost my chance to see—to understand—to live! I'm a fool—a fool—and I'm going to die."

III

Late that evening Mrs. Dale leaned on the *Allertia's* bow-rail and gazed down at the reflection of the moon wavering like quicksilver on tremulous dark silk, and her fair hair gleamed with such brilliant paleness that it seemed as though it, too, should have been mirrored, to match the moon, in the black water. Rather, perhaps, it should have been reflected in the pupils of a pair of masculine eyes, for there only did Mrs. Dale care to see her image. She knew nothing of vanity for its own sake. But now, although she was looking her loveliest, no men were there to be interestingly disturbed by her appearance, for all of them had gone off to search for Banning.

In this loneliness so unusual for her, she sighed and tapped the rail with her fingers. Suddenly she stiffened and listened intently. Then, turning, she wrapped her soft white cape tightly about her and ran aft to the waist of the yacht where under a search-light the narrow gangway stretched down to the water. At the top of it she paused to listen again. The sound of creaking oarlocks! She did hear them. She ran down the sloping ladder, and, as she reached the bottom of it, she saw a skiff glide from under the yacht's stern. A moment later she caught the small boat's gunwale. "Arthur!" she cried. "Thank God, you're safe!"

Without glancing at her, Arthur Banning clumsily made his dinghy's painter fast to a stanchion of the gangway. Then he stepped up beside Mrs. Dale, ignoring her outstretched hand, and, pushing by her, mounted the swaying ladder.

When he reached his cabin he seized a carafe of fresh water and gulped all of its contents that did not splash over his chin and trickle into the open collar of his shirt. "Whew!" he gasped. "I needed that!"

He sat down and rested his injured arm, now not so swollen, upon his knee.

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Then he shook his head wearily. "I suppose I shouldn't have gone by her without speaking," he thought. "Dear no, I shouldn't have done that!" He stood up. "It's no use taking it out on her—besides, she's a woman." He stepped shakily across the high sill of his cabin door and went along the deck and up a companionway.

At its head Mrs. Dale was standing. "Oh, Arthur, you poor thing!" she cried. "They're all out looking for you. I'll have the whistle blown in a minute to let them know you're here." She led the way into the yacht's gayly furnished lounge. "Shall I get you a drink?"

"No," Banning answered, taking the chair she pushed toward him. "I better not. Fact is, I had a touch of sunstroke to-day. Liquor's bad medicine for that. A big grouper got into one of my nets, and trying to get him out I lost my hat. Like a fool I kept on fishing in the sun. I had to lay up under a rock until dark. I was pretty dizzy, so that I fell a couple of times and hurt my arm; but it's nothing. Sunstroke gets your nerves a bit on edge—that's why I—I must have seemed rude to you on the gangway. I'm sorry. I didn't mean——"

"I'm the one who's sorry," Mrs. Dale interrupted. "I didn't dream what you were doing to-day, Arthur—not until this evening when you were missing. Then I guessed. I am so sorry."

"What?"

"I never thought Francis Gifford was right about their being poisonous. I agreed with you. I'd have told you so last night and tried to stop you; but I didn't imagine——"

"But—but look here!" Banning stammered. "You don't think I——"

"Certainly," she said. "You went ashore and got yourself bitten by a centipede."

He stared at her. "What!"

"I'm sure of it. Do you suppose I have no intuition at all? Didn't you do just that?"

"Listen!" he said harshly. "Yes, I did do just that; but I think I'd like you to know that I don't care how much Gifford impresses you or impresses himself. He can be the brave man among the 'fatal' centipedes forever now. I wouldn't contradict him if he said lady-bugs were poisonous."

"I understand perfectly, Arthur!" She laughed sadly. "You couldn't very well make it clearer how you hate me."

"Hate you?" It seemed to him that he ought to feel an amused contempt for the extreme vanity that must have enabled her to guess he had been adventuring with centipedes. She had no right to the satisfaction of knowing that any man could have been so huge a fool on her account, and he tried to make himself feel resentful; but, for reasons unknown to him, both the amused contempt and the resentment were lacking within him.

Mrs. Dale was standing before him and she had slipped out of her white cloak. In her evening dress of soft green chiffon, her hair shining like gold silk, she was a lovely woman to gaze upon; and, charming, wistfully inviting, she appeared ready to offer a glowing and tender solace for a day of anguished heroism in her behalf. As life returns tinglingly to a limb that has been "asleep," so glamour began to tingle throughout his being. He struggled against it; he tried to put an ironical note into his voice; but he failed. "Hate you, Louise? You're far too beautiful to think that any man could hate you!"

She stepped closer to him; there was a faint sweet waft of the scent she used, and when she spoke her voice was in-

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effably gentle and melancholy. "Arthur, I'm so sorry it's made you hate me."

Whether we are more truly ourselves when we are secure from danger, or at those vivid moments when threatening death forces a changed sense of values upon us, is not yet known; but it is known that men and women, like children, eagerly forget, when it is day, vows fearfully made in the night. With all he had learned from the instructive centipede thus soon forgotten, Banning leaned forward; and he was trembling. "You're the most wonderful— You're the most——"

Mrs. Dale stepped back from him quickly. "Wait!" she cried, the tone of her voice entirely altered. "Don't go on. I want you to listen to something important!" She hesitated, and a faint color tinted her cheeks where her bright hair brushed them. "When you didn't come back this evening, Arthur, and I realized what you'd probably been up to, I made a resolution much for your benefit. But when you shoved me aside on the gangway and wouldn't speak to me, I thought it was so funny—funny, do you hear, Arthur—that I forgot to carry out what I'd resolved. Your face was like a cross ten-year-old boy's!"

Banning found that he had not suffered all the pain of which he was capable. He grimaced; but did not succeed in making any sound.

"Devilling you is far too easy, Arthur," she said. Then her lips curved, faintly smiling. "I'm not going to play with any more of you scientists. You're men in body and mind but infants in everything else. Nature somehow got a shred of maternal instinct into me, I suppose; but I'm not going to gratify it by playing with you any more. I'll stick to men of my own small size and hardness after this. I'm going to let you alone, Arthur." She stepped forward again, stooped and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "I'll tell them to blow the whistle now; and I'll have them bring you some food."

As she walked toward the door, an incoherent sound came from the throat—almost from the bosom, one might have thought—of the perturbed scientist. It was a deep groan of protest. "Don't—don't let me alone!" he entreated huskily. "Please don't let me alone!"

Mrs. Dale had paused at the door. "You know," she said slowly, "you know, I don't believe I've ever had what you could call a friend in either a man or a woman. Do you think we could—You don't think we could——"

He tried to rise; but he was too exhausted and sank back in his chair. Then, as this new thought began to reach his tired mind, a hopeful brightness came upon his wan face.

Mrs. Dale saw it; she nodded to him. "It'd be brand new," she murmured. In her use of the word "new" there was an indication perhaps that her interest in experiments was persisting; nevertheless, as she nodded to him again in acceptance of this brand-new relation, her face was touched by much the same brightness that had come upon his. "That's all you ever really wanted of me, isn't it?" Without waiting for a reply, she stepped over the shining brass door-sill and disappeared.

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The Business Paper Grows Up

BY JAMES H. McGRAW

A personal record by the head of one of the greatest industrial publishing houses in the world. His own career is illustrative of the development of the business press.

"Our limited space has been over crowded for some months past and we have been obliged to increase our advertising rates. The American Machinist is pre-eminently a reading paper and will be kept so, our intention being to make the paper always of one uniform size, namely sixteen pages."
—Editorial from the *American Machinist of* March 20, 1880.

THIS apology for the crowded condition of advertising columns gives a picture of the primitive beginnings of the industrial press.

The contrast between the flourishing state of industrial journalism to-day and its humble beginnings is little known and less understood by the non-technical public, many of whom have never seen at close quarters a copy of a business paper.

The impetus of industrial journalism was, of course, the same which brought the newspaper into the world. When the leaders of a village could no longer meet together in the store and swap the news and settle the affairs of the community, because the town had grown too big, the paper appeared. And when industry began to specialize and introduce the scientific method, men with common problems sought each other's help in the same way.

The editor's idea was to print a news sheet that would convey the gossip of the month or week. A certain amount of advertising was necessary if expenses were to be paid, but at first it was sincerely deprecated.

Yet the industrial editor was a rather insignificant figure. In most cases, the publisher was chiefly concerned with getting business enough to pay the printer and, at that, the printer frequently had to wait. The editor was an item of expense and his department was not lavishly supported. Paste pot and scissors were his principal tools and write-ups from his advertisers were an important source of material. In fact, no matter how seriously the editor might take himself, it was a common saying, outside his sanctum, that he was wholly a necessary evil required by the postal authorities to enable the publisher to send his paper through the mails at second-class rates.

It was in that picturesque era of editorial pioneering that I made my advent in business publishing forty-five years ago. Like many another lad, I started working for the home-town weekly, that was edited by the druggist in my native village in Chautauqua County, New York. My job was to write the school news and local gossip. The principal part of the paper was made up of boiler plate so-called. Next, the principal of my school and I began to labor in our spare time for a monthly publication called *The Countryside,* writing at five dollars a column and selling sub-

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scriptions on commission. I continued this work while I finished high school and a four-year state normal school course. While I was still a student, my former high school principal and a friend of his from Chautauqua County went to New York to seek their fortunes and became connected with a new publishing venture in industrial journalism.

These two friends from Chautauqua County, with one or two others, started the *American Journal of Railway Appliances* and purchased a little paper called *Steam* which they rechristened *Power*. Also, in the autumn of 1884, they started the *Street Railway Journal*. I spent the summer vacation of 1884 selling subscriptions for the *Journal of Railway Appliances* on commission. When I discovered that I was making more than forty dollars a week above my expenses, I got the idea that I could make more money in the publishing business than I could by teaching school, although I loved the work of a teacher. I was committed to teach another year for $700, but when the year was over I hastened back to New York and joined the American Railway Publishing Company, publishers of the above-named papers. I sold subscriptions on the three papers and then advertising entirely on commission. I was fearful that I did not have sufficient education to become a teacher of the first rank and so business became my goal. I think it only fair to say at this juncture that after all these years, I believe I would have loved teaching better than publishing.

By this time, however, some of the broader principles were beginning to disclose themselves and we began to see future possibilities. Even so, it was a struggle and soon the company owed me $1,500 and a paper bill of $850 or $900 with no money in sight. This was the summer of 1886 and I was located in Philadelphia. I was called to New York for a council of war and was asked if I could help out by finding some ready cash. Being young and full of confidence, I said "Yes" without having the remotest idea of where I was to get it.

I took a walk up Broadway to cogitate. Finally I passed the building of the New York Life Insurance Company and that gave me a thought. I went in and took out a policy for $2,000 payable to James Knapp, a wealthy farmer of Chautauqua County who knew me and knew my family. I asked him for a loan of $1,000. He asked me what security I could give. I told him nothing but a note and a life insurance policy. To make a long story short, I turned over the life insurance policy and the note to Mr. Knapp and received from him a check for $1,000. I will never forget the words with which the kindly old gentleman consented. "Jamie," he said, "if you will make this a debt of honor, I will loan thee the thousand dollars." The next day I laid a check for that amount on my partner's desk. The poor treasurer promptly fell in a faint. I took stock for the $1,000 as well as for the $1,500 due me, and became a vice-president of the little publishing house. Two years later we paid a ten per cent dividend, but it wasn't long before there was a disagreement in the firm and we split on the rock of industrial progress. I often think how prophetic it was of the course which industrial journalism was destined to follow, of its arduous task of keeping pace with the rapid transitions of the last quarter century of industrial progress.

In those days, more than forty years ago, the *Street Railway Journal* was devoted to the interests of the horse, its

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care and its car. I had become acquainted with the group of men who were fast making the electric street railway an actuality. I became convinced of the impending doom of the horse car and of the cable car, and insisted that the *Street Railway Journal* must have an editor who knew something about electricity. The importance of the real editor was becoming apparent even in those days. But many people maintained that the horse would be able to resist the invasion of electricity, and that the railway companies could not afford to lose the revenue derived from the principal by-product of the horse. So the firm broke up, one of my associates buying *Power*. The rest of the property, including the composing room, came to me. My first act was to secure an electrical editor for the *Street Railway Journal* and developments in that industry rapidly proved the soundness of this viewpoint.

This experience established in my mind a fundamental principle of technical and business journalism that I believe cannot be too seriously stressed in any consideration of industrial publishing. It is the fact that industry is always ready for leadership. The editor's responsibility, in other words, is not merely to reflect current news and opinion, but to provide a vehicle for advancing thought. Forty years ago the principal purpose of the publisher was to make a living. And the editor often took himself more seriously than his real obligation to his industry.

But from this very meager beginning of a small paper, with a limited function and inadequate facilities for editorial service, the industrial press has grown, forced by the growth of industry itself and inspired by the scientific and industrial progress of America. The developments of power, transportation, electricity, steel, communication—each has brought its stimulus to journalism because of the continuously accelerating need for an organized service of current information. The growth of my own publishing activities has been a natural outcome of the expansion of the industries my papers have been serving and the increasing inter-relationships between industries.

I soon sold the *Journal of Railway Appliances* and a little later purchased a paper called *Electrical Industries* which was re-named *American Electrician* and W. D. Weaver, who was editor of *Electrical World,* came with me to be editor of *American Electrician*. Mr. Weaver was one of the few really great engineering editors of the day. He was well read, widely travelled and an intellectually honest man. He made sure of his ground on any controversial subject and then expressed his opinions in his editorials frankly, fearlessly and convincingly. He did his own thinking and stood behind it unless better arguments than his own convinced him that he was wrong. Expediency was unknown to him, so was opportunism.

His reputation grew until many of the leading electrical engineers, not only of America but of the world, came to his office to seek his advice and to listen to his judgments. When the first plans for forming the American Institute of Electrical Engineers were being discussed, Mr. Weaver had a large part in them and some of the early meetings of the group were held in his office. That interest in technical societies is typical of the technical editor. Twenty years earlier the preliminary meeting of the founders of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers was held in the offices of *American Machinist*. Much of the same sort of a story could be told of the start-

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ing of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers in the office of the progenitor of *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering*.

Meanwhile, we had acquired other papers—*Electrical World* and *Electrical Engineer*, the two leading weeklies of the electrical industry, which we consolidated into one, the present *Electrical World*. We also acquired *Engineering Record* in 1901 and established *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* and *Electrical Merchandising* a little later.

In 1916 came the death of John A. Hill who shortly after my entrance into business paper publishing left the throttle of an engine, in the far West, and came East to work on a locomotive paper of that day. He had courage, perseverance and ability and it was not long before he owned the paper and was on the way to becoming a great publisher. By 1915 he had acquired five technical and industrial papers—*American Machinist, Power, Coal Age, Engineering News* and *Engineering and Mining Journal*. These papers were leaders in their fields. One morning a heart attack carried him off just as he was starting for his office. Not many months later, it was found expedient to merge the Hill and McGraw publishing companies. The *Engineering Record* and *Engineering News* were combined, and the McGraw-Hill organization started operating with nine national publications serving engineering and industry. Some of these publications were international as well. In twelve years we have seen our nine papers grow to twenty-six and have found opportunities for extending our work into other fields that were inadequately provided for.

Our development has followed a very logical course, founded on the five major engineering professions and the industries allied with them. So, as the bus took its place as an agency of highway transportation, we launched the publication *Bus Transportation*. To aid the increasing mechanization of food processing, we provided the publication *Food Industries*. We started *Radio Retailing*, as a trade paper, to help in the stabilizing of that vigorous young industry. We extended our service to the textile industry by acquiring the *Textile World*. We expanded our coverage of the industrial field by purchasing the two competing papers, *Factory*, and *Industrial Management*, and combining them as a production management paper, and also by establishing *Industrial Engineering* in the field of factory maintenance and operation. We entered the broad realm of business policy by adding *System* and *The Magazine of Business*. The latter has recently evolved into the *Business Week*.

In addition, we have become interested in several papers serving the export field. In 1909 we organized the McGraw-Hill Book Company and have become extensive publishers of scientific and economic books, having now something more than 1,600 titles. We also publish various condensed catalogs and directories needed by several of the industries we serve. It has been an interesting development and an absorbing work, because of the intimacy of its relationships with some of the most vigorous and constructive industries in America.

So much for the story. And now let us compare the present position of the editor with that of the underpaid and scorned wielder of the shears 50 years ago.

The popular conception of an industrial paper in some quarters has changed little during that half century and is per-

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haps best summed up by the contemptuous emphasis often put upon the phrase "trade journal," which is used to include all magazines devoted to specific occupations or industries. And people who do not follow them are likely to think that modern editors are much like those of old, filling up editorial space with "puffs" and "write-ups." They think the modern editor is even more overshadowed by the advertising columns than was his predecessor of the *American Machinist* but with the difference that he likes it, and they think of the modern industrial journal as a sort of mutual admiration organ, where members of the industries can see themselves praised and read the other fellow's advertising.

This, like many popular opinions, is years behind the times.

The purpose of the modern business publication may be described thus:

1. To collect and disseminate experience of those engaged in a certain industry, profession or trade.

2. To act as an interpreter of events and developments.

3. To serve as a leader of sound thought and policy.

All of these functions are important, but that which distinguishes a great paper from an ordinary one is the extent of the leadership it exercises. And this leadership to be in balance must in turn provide three distinct services:

1. It must satisfy the needs of the reader and promote his progress.

2. It must establish a circulation that will present to the suppliers of service and equipment to that industry or profession a selected audience that represents the responsibility and buying power of that field.

3. It must provide for the advertisers to that industry a practical guidance that will assist them to the successful development of their markets and to the profitable presentation of their products.

In other words, the modern business paper has not only assumed the function of providing a source of news and education but has taken upon itself the rôle of a marketing counsellor as well—such is the spirit of the times.

And so we find in this publishing operation a highly organized personnel divided into these three departments. The business staff is engaged in the study of products, the determination of markets, the development of advertising appeals, the suggestion and preparation of copy for advertisers and co-operation in customer sales programmes. The circulation staff is focused upon the continuous analysis of the readers of the publication, seeking out those units of executive influence, operating responsibility, and buying power that will broaden the service of the paper, and avoiding waste circulation that will but burden its distribution and bring little value to the industry.

Subscription salesmen constantly travel the country by train, bus, motor and sometimes by airplane, running down these selected prospects that should be numbered in the audience of this or that paper to make a richer readership. The advertising of our individual publications and of our institution, in general magazines, in selected business papers—our own and others—and by direct mail, supports and stimulates all this selling and is a considerable activity in itself.

But the life of every business publication centres in its editorial staff and the work of the editor entails maintenance of a high professional standard. For while the business of publishing is a commercial enterprise, at its core it is professional. If the commercial should dominate, the enterprise would lose in public con-

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fidence. Always we must conduct it with an eye single to the interests of the reader. We must keep covenant with him. To a high degree, therefore, the editor is a working member of his industry and must be a part and parcel of it. He holds active membership in engineering and industrial societies and serves on committees of these organizations. In this way, he is in intimate contact with the men who are doing things and are themselves participating in development by passing critically in committees upon new industrial and engineering developments. He may be elected to presidencies and directorships. He is the author of standard text books. I mention this merely to illustrate the extent to which the work of the modern editor must carry him into affairs of the field he serves. I am firmly of the opinion that this improvement in the status of the editor since the early days when he sat at his desk and wielded the shears has been reflected in the greater prestige and authority now enjoyed by the business press.

For the modern editor is a travelling man. He must know his field at first hand. To understand conditions he must see them and to hold the confidence and friendship of the men who constitute his industry he must visit them and view the prospect from where they themselves are sitting. A recent calculation showed that the combined peregrinations of all of our editors within a twelve months' period would have spun a skein of travel twenty-three times around the world.

He must not only provide the news, but this editor, through a well-organized staff and his network of observant correspondents throughout the country, must record experience, stimulate discussion, crystallize opinion, interpret trends and guide the course of advancing thought. He must of himself bring leadership of a high order. To do this he must have knowledge, energy, enthusiasm and executive ability. He must also have courage. He must know when and how to speak. The "however and nevertheless" style of journalism is as insipid in industrial papers as in any others; silence in the face of abuses or perils is as cowardly. But energy must be coupled with judgment; and without imagination and vision the editorial mind would be sadly incomplete.

An editor should be able to interpret his industry in terms of human life as well as by more material measurement. He must be something more than a scribe or an anonymous laborer in a publishing house. Some of them have, indeed, been leaders in the past. Some of them are leaders now—and will be in the future. Such men will make their papers human, vibrant with life, instinct with the sense of a mission. For such men the responsibility will be great but the reward for successful accomplishment will be abundant.

I am not an engineer myself, but I have been working with engineers for forty-five years, and engineers have been working with and for me. In that time we have seen American industry stir itself as from a long sleep, awaken to its responsibilities and opportunities, and forge ahead at a pace that grows steadily swifter. It has been our task to record this advance, to keep pace with it in our own development, and to guide it along right lines whenever a chance for us to be of assistance presented itself.

To be an active participant in this amazing industrial activity is a privilege. To be an observer, a counsellor, a guide to this activity is quite as fascinating a career.

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Crooked Run Stories

BY N. D. MARBAKER

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Doc Enion was making his daily rounds through the countryside. He had been working rather hard of late because of the increase in the birth-rate and the epidemics of measles and mumps. He had just left the farm of Seth Bradshaw and was driving his mud-bespattered Ford down toward the hollow. Mack Simpson was sick in his shack down by the creek.

Doc was letting his mind wander. The ruts in the road would not let the car go wrong. He came very close to the little one-room house of Manthy Cook. He had never treated Manthy, never had seen her in the three years he had been practising the healing art in the Crooked Run country. All he knew about Manthy was that Manthy was never discussed in the forums that took place around the stove in the store and in Ladies' Aid.

In a country district such as that nurtured by Crooked Run, such a phenomenon was unprecedented. It was true that gossip licked its chops about many folks for a time and then ceased its unsavory mastication, but never to mention a person was unusual, to say the least. Manthy lived in the hollow and that was all Doc could ever discover about her.

He stalled his engine trying to jump a rut and he found himself in front of the Cook dwelling. Chickens ran wild around the yard that had never seen a blade of grass, and a few stalks of dead asters poked their brown seed-pods above the mass of underbrush in a bed made by an old tire.

Doc had no desire to talk to Manthy, but when he found the water in his radiator had evaporated, he decided to remedy matters at once.

He knocked at the rough-hewn door and Manthy opened it to him. She was a faded woman in a faded wrapper. Her gray hair hung in wisps around her forehead, and she was constantly trying to brush it into place with a bony hand.

"May I have some water for my car?"

"Sure, you can have all the water you want. I'll get a bucket for you. The well's there in the yard. Are you the doctor?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, I had heard we had one over at Crooked Run and I felt glad about it. I never had to have a doctor yet, but it's mighty nice to think one can get him if she needs him bad."

Doc had a chance to look into the room while Manthy was talking. It was scrupulously clean, but practically barren of furniture. Manthy had once been an unusually beautiful woman. She seemed to be different from the other women of the community.

Doc thought about these things as he went to the well, pulled up the bucket, and emptied the water into the pail at his side. He filled the radiator and took the pail back to the house.

"Come on in and talk to me, Doctor. I never have any company and it does

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my old eyes good to see somebody once in a dog's age."

"I'm pretty busy now. I've got to be going down to see Mack Simpson and——"

"I haven't much to offer you, but there is some cold buttermilk and a bit of gingerbread. It ain't much, but you're welcome to it."

"Well, I will have some buttermilk. I'm very fond of it." He went in and was offered an apple-wood chair that would have put Manthy on Easy Street if some antique-hunter could see it.

She put the food before him and he ate with a gusto. He was hungry, but he had not realized the fact until he saw the cup of creamy milk.

Manthy watched him for a few minutes and went about her simple tasks. It seemed to Doc that Manthy was peculiarly reticent. He finished the meal and said: "That was fine. But I don't believe I know who you are. I've passed here a few times, but I never did find out who lived here."

"Haven't you ever heard of Manthy Cook?"

"Oh, are you Manthy Cook? I've often wondered about you, because I never hear anything about you. Why do you keep yourself so far off from everybody?"

"If you really want to know, I'll tell you. I brought my girl Prissy down here from Harkelsville, pretty near thirty years ago. There she is." She pointed a finger at an enlarged crayon portrait on the wall over the mantel. "She's right pretty, isn't she?"

Doc was startled by the beauty of the girl's face. Even the wretched enlargement could not hide that inner glory of a perfect countenance. "Pretty? She's gorgeous!"

"Yes. That's what they all said. I've had my times. It seems hard to think that . . ." Manthy wiped a tear from her eye.

"She's——?"

"Yes, she died of galloping consumption right in this house. She was only twenty, too."

"Why didn't you go back to Harkelsville, Manthy?"

"Couldn't bear to then, and I can't now."

"Why?"

Manthy put her elbows on the table and rested her chin in cupped hands.

"I had a son, too. His name was Lisha."

"Are you the mother of Lish Cook?" Doc had heard the name many times, but it was always in simile. If a man wanted to hurl some unusually keen epithet at another in the course of a heated debate, a fight was always forthcoming if he was likened to Lish Cook. Doc had never been able to probe the mystery.

"Yes. He was a good boy. I don't care what the folks think about it. He was good to his mother. You see, Doctor, Lish was different from the others. He stayed on in the old house in Harkelsville when I brought Prissy down here. We never did have much but we had the house and it was furnished. Lish always had an aching to go to work in town. He never wanted to farm or be a blacksmith or anything like that. He was what the preacher in them days called a white-collar man. Lish had brains, too.

"Well, after Prissy died Lish came over here to see me. He didn't try to make me go home with him. He saw how I was, and he realized it would make it harder for me to go back. We had a long talk and he went away. He sold the house, as I told him to, and

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brought me the money. That's what I'm living on. I gave him a hundred dollars and he kissed me good-by.

"I kept on right here. There ain't no mail in this hollow and I never heard tell of him for about fifteen years. He came back one night. He was dressed in wonderful store clothes. He said he had been working in a bank, had a good job, and he wanted to tell me about it. He stayed for three days and then left again. My, I was glad to see him!

"Then I never heard tell of him again for two years. He was in prison. I always knew that the banks are bad for boys to work in. Too much temptation. But I didn't know why he was in jail. All I had was a letter from somebody saying he was there. I took it for granted he had taken some money.

"But he hadn't taken a cent. He had been accused for it, but after he had served three years the real thief told on himself. Lish was let out and he came here to me. I was glad to have him, and I told him to go to Crooked Run and to Harkelsville and see the old friends. He went. But he came back one night and went into the wood-shed and hung himself.

"I found him there the next morning when I went out for some kindling." She got up and went to the clock on the mantel. She tilted it and drew a bit of dirty paper from beneath. She handed it to the doctor. He read: "Dear Mom. They wouldn't believe me. They said I was a thief and a disgrace to my family. They said it was all a cock-and-bull story that I had made up. They had read the account of it in the paper, and they said the judge and jury never made as bad a mistake as that. I couldn't get a job, I wasn't invited in anywhere. Even the preacher wouldn't have anything to do with me. There's money in the bank for you; it's in your name—I saw to that. I don't want to hurt you any more. The people would have nothing to do with you as long as I was alive. I'm doing this for you. I love you. Lish."

The physician handed the paper back to Manthy. She took it from him and put it back from where she had taken it.

"But Lish thought wrong, Doctor. When they found he had com—I hate the words—when they found he was dead they were sure they had been right and there hasn't been a woman cross this door-sill since that day."

That night in the store Doc made some inquiries. "Say, Eph, who was Lish Cook? I've heard about him, but nothing very definite."

"Lish Cook was a bit of the scum of the earth. He was like mother of vinegar, slimy and rotten. He was the lowest-down thief that ever breathed. He served a sentence in State prison, and came back here and told us all that he had been jailed because of circumstantial evidence. Then he said the real thief had owned up. Then he went back to that shack of his mother's in the hollow and hung himself. Doesn't that prove he was the lowest-down—?" Eph spat against the stove.

HOAX

Margaret Silver was a home girl. She busied herself about the farm in summer and taught school at the Crossing in winter. Not a whisper of gossip had ever been breathed against her. She was pointed to with pride by the members of the Ladies' Aid and was used as an example of what girls could be if they wanted to.

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Margaret—she was called Mag by the community, much to her disgust—was sitting in the waiting-room thumbing a magazine. Doc was long this morning. He must be giving a big treatment to somebody. She wondered why she had come to him. But he always had seemed to be so kind even if he was gruff at times. He did not go into her country very often, but she had met him when he examined the children in her school.

She was in for a talking to. She had heard that he never minced words with anybody and sometimes he called them names they didn't understand. It was said, however, that he always helped every one who came to him. She couldn't go to her mother about this matter. She would never understand. The preacher, well, he was a preacher. Yes, the doctor might be able to get the gist of the suffering she was enduring silently.

Mrs. Oliver Peters sailed out of the consulting-room. She was furious. "It's perfectly all right for you to say anything you want to say to me, but when I want to eat corned beef and cabbage I'll eat it. I'm the one who suffers, not you. And I'll not have you telling me what I shall eat and what I shan't eat. And for you to tell me I'm forty pounds over weight proves that you are no gentleman. I'll never come to you again." She bustled out of the waiting-room.

Doc leaned against the door and laughed. "Yes, you'll not come back until next time. Oh, hello, Margaret! I didn't see you sitting there. You're a long way from home. Come on in. That Mrs. Peters is funny. Don't you ever get as fat as her. Gee, but I pity Oliver."

Margaret laughed nervously. She thought it was the thing to do.

"What's on your mind?"

"I don't know exactly. I've been feeling pretty blue lately and mother thought I had better come over and see what was wrong. I hated to come alone, but mother was busy and she said it was perfectly all right to come this time of day because it wasn't likely that any people would be at the store to see me."

"If this country didn't have gossip to spread, it would die of lockjaw. But what is wrong with you?"

"I'm just dawnsey, that's all."

"A girl like you shouldn't be dawnsey these wonderful days. Are you in love?"

Margaret dug the toe of her shoe into the rug at her feet and silently nodded her head in assent.

"Who is the lucky boy?"

Margaret swallowed hard and said: "Bob Spruce."

"Don't tell me that, sister. Why did you ever pick him when you could have any boy in the whole country?"

"I love him, that's why. It's all very well for everybody to find fault with him because he drinks and shoots pool and smokes cigarettes and— Oh, Doctor!" Margaret began to cry convulsively.

"Come on now, girlie. Quiet down. Tell me about it."

"I came all the way over here to tell you because I thought you were the only person in the whole country who would understand and you find fault the first thing. It's awful not to be able to tell everybody you're engaged just because everybody is down on your fellow."

"But Margaret, why him? What did he do that made you feel so strongly for him?"

"Did you ever see Bob do anything out of the way, doctor?"

"No, I never did, Margaret."

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"And that's the way it is with everybody. All they do is listen to stories and make them worse. Bob is as good a fellow as there is in these parts. He does play around more than most, but just because he always goes alone he is said to be bad. I don't believe he ever was drunk in his life. And just because he takes a drop of liquor now and again doesn't prove anything. The very ones who do the talking drink themselves black when somebody gives it to them."

"But what can I do for you, Margaret?"

"Help me get Bob without getting the whole gang down on me and mother. There would be no living with them if they found out I was going to marry Bob Spruce. And I can't find out why. You can help me if you want to. It's been a hard job for me to come over here and tell you this. Nobody knows it but Bob and me."

"And you really love him, Margaret?"

"I'd be willing to take in washing for him!"

"That's a pretty big statement. Let me talk to Bob and I'll see what I can do for you. You go along home and come back in a week. Don't say anything about this to any one."

When Bob Spruce reached the store that night Eph Appleby informed him that Doc Enion would have words with him. Bob sauntered across the road and met Doc coming out of the house ready to go on a trip. "I have to go to Sumneytown to see Mitch Catherwood. Want to come along, Bob?"

"I'll drive you over if you want me to."

"That's great. I'm so tired of holding that steering-wheel my hands are cramped."

The little car snorted down the road. Doc was silent. He was wondering how to attack the problem at hand. Bob was wondering what the doctor had wanted with him. Both were afraid to begin.

Finally the physician said: "Bob, Margaret Silver was over to see me today."

"Margaret was over? Is she sick, Doc?" The anxiety in his voice told the story doc wanted to hear.

"Yes and no. She says she's in love with you and wants to marry you, but she is afraid you have too bad a reputation."

Bob was stoical. He gripped the wheel a little harder and said: "Go ahead and tell me the rest."

"That's all there is to tell. What are you going to do about it?"

"Punch somebody in the eye. It makes me sick. The more a fellow tries to do, the worse he gets. I like to go around, but who doesn't? Margaret really said she loved me, doc?"

"That's what she came over to tell me, Bob."

"Gosh!"

Bob got a job with a gas company, went to Luther League on Sunday night, startled the community generally.

He wandered over to the office to see the doctor.

"Heard anything about me lately, Doc?"

"Not a word except good. Margaret's due over here on Wednesday and I'll have a lot to tell her."

"You're not against me, are you, Doc?"

"Not by a good deal."

"That's all I wanted to know."

The doctor told Margaret to con-

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tinue her silence for some time. She was having a wonderful influence over Bob. If the first week's behavior could continue, she could marry Bob without fear.

To the surprise of the community, the regeneration seemed to be complete. Many guesses were hazarded as to the cause for the change in Bob's demeanor but all clews led to blank walls. No girl could be found with whom he could possibly be linked. It was finally decided he must have got Methodist conversion.

Mrs. Silver and Margaret were waiting to see Doc Enion. Bob entered the little room. "Hello, Mrs. Silver. Hello, Margaret."

Greetings were exchanged and pleasantries accepted. Mrs. Silver was not certain that it was quite all right to leave Margaret out there with Bob Spruce while she went in to see Doc. But Margaret had better not know about the trouble with which she was suffering. It might worry her. Doc winked at the boy and girl as they sat so ill at ease on the settee.

The door closed with a bang.

"Gee, Margaret, I'm glad to see you. I've been working so hard I haven't had time to get over into your country at all. How's school going?"

"Wonderful, Bob. I'm awfully glad you've got a job and are settling down."

"Yes, but who wouldn't for a girl like you, Margaret?"

"A girl like me? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I haven't drunk a drop since Doc told me all about you."

And the talk continued until the consultation was over.

Doc Enion was startled out of a year's growth and Mrs. Silver was mortified to death, or she said she was, when Margaret rushed to him, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"I knew you would help me. Bob would never have looked over in our country for a girl. Gee, but you're a dear."

"What do you mean?"

Bob stepped forward. "You see, Doc, Margaret wanted to know me. She thought I had high-hatted her at a festival one night. I never thought she would have looked cross-eyed at me. So she went to you and you— Isn't she wonderful, Doc?"

TREASURE-TROVE

The waiting-room was filled with a rosy glow from the warm fireplace. Doc Enion had settled down to rest in the great chair after a rather hectic series of conversations during office hours. He realized he had a few more calls to make before he went over the hill toward home. Once in a while he heard a spasm of merriment from the store across the road. He would have been willing to bet that Eph Appleby and Elmer Krusen were playing off one of their interminable checker tournaments to the delight of the crowd standing by.

Abner Rupert opened the door rather sheepishly and carefully rubbed the soles of his rubber boots on the cocoa mat. The sound of the friction roused Doc from his lethargy.

"Hello, Ab; what's on your mind this time of night?"

"Nothing very much. I kinda wanted to talk. The store's pretty noisy tonight and I reckoned you might be in. Saw your car in the road."

Ab was one of the countryside's ne'er-do-wells. He had a rocky farm down by the run which had ever been a curse to his family and from which not one generation had been able to gain a decent

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living. There was timber on the place but the Ruperts had always had some horror of cutting it.

The doctor was one of the leading lights in the fight against the ruthless deforestation of the Crooked Run country. He had a warm spot in his heart for the improvident Ruperts, who refused to cut timber. But Ab was so poor and he needed the very necessaries of life so badly that even Doc Enion was about ready to favor the selling of the last stand of almost virgin timber in the county.

"Doc, it looks as if I will have to sell that piece of woods to Sam Lawton. Melissy's sick and I owe you more money than I can ever pay."

"You never heard me asking for any of it, did you?"

"No, you're good that way, Doc, but I can't go on forever."

"Well, Ab, when I send the sheriff after you, then it will be time for you to begin to worry."

"Melissy's sick."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I guess it's another baby."

The physician sighed and rubbed his hand across his forehead. Since he had started practice in the Crooked Run country it seemed to him as if the birth-rate had doubled itself. And the folks who could least afford to have children were receiving them with a regularity almost uncanny.

"Doc, will you take that timber piece off my hands?"

"What under the sun would I do with twenty acres of woods?"

"I just thought I'd ask you. You know that Sam Lawton has been taunting me for ten years about having that timber sooner or later. Pappy and grandpappy before him have kept that timber from the Lawtons and I don't want to turn yellow about it. If you take it as the money I owe you, sell it yourself and give me the difference; I can look everybody at the store in the eye and I can have the laugh on Sam. And I can pay that bill I owe you. Please do it, Doc."

"All right, Ab, I will. You go over to the store and tell the squire I want to see him. He can draw up the papers. But before you go tell me something about Melissy."

"There ain't nothing to tell. She says she's going to have a baby and that you had better come over."

"All right, Ab. I'll be over your way to-night and I'll stop in. But— Ab." The man had reached the door but stopped at the mention of his name. "We'll try to hold that timber some way. You send the squire over right away."

The squire did not like to miss the battle of the checker champions, but he knew when the doctor wanted him it would be good policy to see what it was all about.

He agreed to secrecy and promised to have the papers in a few days. "But there's no reason why you should take everybody on your shoulders, Doc. You're too chicken-hearted. Ab Rupert was never worth anything and never will be worth anything and you know it. If you keep on this way, you'll be in the very poorhouse you're helping to boss now."

The doctor took Ab in with him when he came to him on the road. Ab was grateful for the lift. It was a long cold walk across the hills to his shack.

Melissy's diagnosis was correct and the physician was more perturbed than ever. Squalor and want should not be the parents of children. Melissy's condition was not very good. Thought of

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the hospital at the county-seat was out of the question. Melissy would have died of fear at the very suggestion of going there.

The papers were executed and the doctor was the owner of a pleasant bit of woodland. He heard nothing from Ab and one day he decided to go hunting rabbits. Ab, for all his slovenliness, had some decent ideas. In the time of the physician's life in the country, he had never heard of any one taking advantage of Ab's woods for hunting. Ab had made it a kind of refuge. He had told the men in the store he would never shoot there or let any one else go on it for that purpose. The men must have seen an angry glint in Ab's eyes, for they let that particular part of the country strictly alone.

The physician had never been on the property and he had no reason to keep off it now. He took the afternoon from his work and left word at the store he would be back toward night.

It was a sparkling hunting day. The air was crisp and cold. Life tingled in it. The physician lost his weariness as he walked over the clods in the fields and climbed fences. He took some pot-shots and brought down a squirrel.

He came to his own property from the south. He scrambled through the rusty wire fence and stopped. He thought he heard people moving in the depths of the woods. The ferns had not lost their green and the moss seemed to be peculiarly warm. He kept on in the direction of the sound he had heard.

Underbrush, bushes, and small trees made the going rather hard. He heard the little wood folk run for cover at the sound of alien footsteps. Doc was too interested in getting to the place of excitement to want to shoot.

He heard the crash of a mattock in the frozen earth. He heard the clash of an axe among the small timber. He eased himself around the brown blackberry stalks.

He saw Ab Rupert working for the first time in his experience. Sweat and tears were mingled together. Ab's face was contorted with anguish and fearsomeness. He cast furtive glances in all directions, but failed to see the physician who was almost near him.

A great consternation came over the doctor. He realized what Ab was doing. In the heart of his treasured timber land he was digging a tiny grave.

The doctor crouched lower until he saw the tiny bundle lying on the moss. His eyes filled, although he was considered to be wholly unemotional. He bent his head and reached for his handkerchief. As he wiped his eyes he noticed some strange shrubs. He pulled one out by the roots and examined it more carefully. The plants were thick about his feet. He could not move without stepping on some.

He stood up and walked toward Ab. Ab shouted out in dismay when he found he had been discovered.

"It's all right, Ab. There's no need for you to do that any more." The physician picked up the little white bundle tenderly and said to the speechless man: "Come on; let's go into the house."

On their way toward the clearing the doctor was quiet. He let Ab walk silently by his side. When they reached the shack the physician went into the tiny room to see Melissy.

"I told Ab not to bother you, Doc. The baby died before it came and I thought we could save——"

"Forget it, Melissy."

In the kitchen Doc Enion told Ab he would send the undertaker from Har-

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kelsville to care for the baby, and that he would have the certificate ready for him when he stopped by for it.

"But, Doc, I haven't one cent in the world. I can't pay no undertaker."

"That's all right, Ab. There's enough ginseng in that piece of timber to keep you comfortable the rest of your life. No wonder Sam Lawton wanted it so badly!"

The Wilderness Defiling

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Do teachers teach their subjects or their obsessions? Should free speech be curbed?

In the famous painting "Breaking Home Ties" the artist has depicted a rustic youth, yearned over by the members of his family, setting out to make his own way in an unknown and difficult world. The picture is of universal appeal. The same scene is being reenacted year after year in almost every family; for, in a wider sense than the painter intended, the scene represents the flight of the fledgling, not to make his way in the ordinary sense, but merely to go away to school or college. And, however much we may wish that it were not so, home ties are then always broken, in the sense that they are relaxed, and others are formed.

Is the wilderness toward which the young man turns necessarily defiling merely because it is not home? If so, who is responsible for this condition? The heart of every parent responds readily to the pathetic cry of the spirit in Robert Bridges's "Pater Filio"—the poem in which a father laments sending his innocent boy into "the wilderness defiling." With the many forces which thus stigmatize the world beyond the home, in this present discussion we have nothing to do. We shall limit ourselves to a consideration of the question, Are schools and colleges sufficiently scrupulous about the personalities of the teachers they employ?

Let us begin by declaring that whether the new environment is defiling depends to a critically high degree on the characters of the teachers to which the young mind is exposed; for its teachers have the power to make or to break his soul, to determine his destiny. They are the streams of the wilderness; and if they are poisonous, he perishes. The poets are right, and the biographers of significant men are right, when they attribute to teachers a profound and ineradicable influence over adolescent minds.

It was, I think, Goldsmith who complained with a just bitterness of emphasis that, while my Lord Duke was willing to pay handsomely for a trainer of his blooded horse, he was willing to allow but a pittance to the trainer of his son and heir. This eighteenth-century criticism has not lost much of its force; for, while teachers are better paid certainly than they were in the age of Johnson, as little attention is given to the selection of teachers on account of their char-

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acter and habits. We labor with all the enthusiasm of love for years to make our boys gentlemen by instinct and by preference; then suddenly we yield the care of them—into whose hands? We do not know. We can by no means be sure that

"They are all gone into a world of light."

Ah, no! They have become the close associates of mature men, many of whom are good, but some of whom are evil. Thus tragically may the wilderness be defiling.

Only after one has for many years labored to teach youth does one come to a sense of his acute and perilous responsibility. For you see a bronzed Apollo, six feet tall, clear-eyed, intelligent, fearless, and you think you see a man. But spiritually here is a little child, waiting to be led by the hand—either where grow the lilies of truth and virtue and ancient sound morality, or toward noisome mental growths of poison ivy and deadly nightshade.

Of course, as soon as we begin to prescribe opinions for a teacher, labelling this one legitimate and that one illegitimate, we are, in a sense, curtailing freedom of speech. Yet should not freedom of speech be curtailed before the young? In the Old South there used to prevail an admirable custom of using a secondary language before children. French was usually the discreet medium thus employed. But we are too liable to-day to blurt out our opinions in the common tongue; and when teachers do so, their words have the dangerous edge of authority, the sanction of accepted superiority.

When John Scopes was tried in Tennessee for teaching evolution, most intelligent opinion regarded his trial as partly ludicrous, partly pathetic; and, if reflective of anything, then reflecting the elemental state of education in the Southern mountains. Defended by Clarence Darrow and aided by the caustic sympathy of Henry Mencken, Scopes was made to appear as a martyr to Truth. But really there was a good deal on the other side. William Jennings Bryan was not wholly wrong in taking the other side, though it does seem to have been his singular fate to have been always honest and always in error. Evolution as an implicit belief is pretty heady wine, certainly more of an intoxicant than a wholesome beverage; and this young teacher was compelling his infants to drink of a draught that even the most mature should sip but guardedly and sparingly. This insistence upon one belief when no belief is certain, and the old belief certainly safer than the new, was a lack of discretion; and that, against the young in one's keeping, is assuredly something like a crime. In education it is wiser and better to be silent about questionable truth, or even better to violate it, than to undermine faith, whose truth is at least as provable as the theory which seeks to supplant it. The whole danger is that a teacher has the raw crude facts of life; and he ought to serve his charges a careful diet. In short, Mr. Scopes was an unskilful chef, and his charges suffered from mental and spiritual indigestion.

It is, indeed, not easy to determine at what age it is wise and safe to offer young minds undiluted truth. In a class of twenty, averaging eighteen years of age, perhaps ten will be shocked and repelled by sophisticated views on any subject, six will gleefully and unreservedly accept them, delighted to discover their master up-to-date, while four will be unaffected by those, as by any other opinions. But frequently a pungent assertion may bring from a student a reaction

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verging on physical violence. I remember hearing a teacher of history say something disparaging about labor-unions; in the midst of his animadversion a shaggy-haired young giant, like Tennyson's "rough Torre," began "to heave and move." He did not "bluster into stormy sobs" but seemed far more likely to be about to give an admirable imitation of Vesuvius in spectacular eruption.

"You can't say that!" he snarlingly shouted. "My dad's a railroad engineer!"

I remember trying to teach Milton to a boy of fifteen; and while emotion of some kind appeared to be awakened in him, it was not affection for the poet. What the lad's real feeling was soon came out sharply; it was pity for me!

"What's the use," he coolly asked, with the most amazing candor and commiseration, "of your wasting your time trying to get me to like poetry? Don't you know I'm only a gambler's son?"

Here was a child who had found home defiling, not the wilderness of the outer world, and he had the sad penetration of intelligence to realize, and the ingenuousness to confess, his handicap.

Much of the real danger of defiling the wilderness for the young could easily be avoided if teachers could be persuaded to limit themselves to the subject in which they are supposed to give instruction. But all of them, being human, want to reminisce, to give opinions, to discuss Life. I once knew a teacher of the Bible, somewhat bored and certainly boring in his discussion of the Minor Prophets, to tell a story so salacious that the football captain blushed, and the hammer-thrower hung his head. It takes instinct to determine the bounds of decent wit; and instinct is commonly inherited. It is said that Alexander Pope, who assuredly was no prude, drove Voltaire from his table because of the Frenchman's vulgarity. And there are teachers who shock the virgin sensibilities of their students with indelicacy. Certainly it is better for a child to be taught by dull but safe mediocrity than by brilliant pornography.

A teacher of German of my acquaintance, at one of those painful gatherings known as a Faculty Tea, was expounding, not to his inferiors but to his peers, the overmastering advantages of all things Germanic.

"When I get married," he declared, "I'm going to marry a German, so that I can have the best cooking in the world!"

I can see him now, "pausing for a reply."

He got it.

"But, Mr. Grafmüller," a cool feminine voice inquired, "why don't you marry a lady and hire a German cook?"

This teacher, let us say, with his tendencies, might easily in his classroom lay emphasis less on the glories of Goethe and Schiller than on the substantial virtues of beer, pretzels, sauerkraut, and smearcase. For the sensitive, fragrance-loving Anglo-Saxon soul his talk would have too much belly in it. Or, as one of the old prophets said scornfully of those who were too bovine-minded to heed his noble affirmations, "Their talk is of bullocks."

Young teachers who are bachelors, finding an hour of instruction irksome, often seek to relieve the general tedium, and to confer upon themselves a certain elevation of dignity, by talking of marriage. And you may be sure that "These are but wild and whirling words, my lord."

I knew a teacher of mathematics who, instead of sticking to his cosines and his tangents, one day elected to explain to

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his class why he had never married. His argument was an indictment of modern youth. His especial indictment was the character of the modern maiden, the integrity of whose virtue he doubted in a fearfully broad and devastating way.

"Why," he exclaimed sweepingly, "there isn't a single virgin in Detroit!"

The extent of this absurdity could not have been wholly lost on his listeners, one of whom slyly explained to his deskmate:

"He means, of course, in his own set."

I once knew a teacher of Latin who had two pet aversions—Robert E. Lee and Woodrow Wilson. Instead of feeding his flock on his admirations of Horace, Catullus, Virgil, and the rest, he fed them on his disgusts, giving, almost every day, Cicero-Catiline orations against the victor of Chancellorsville and the hero of the Fourteen Points. His pupils, I think, at the end of their course in the classics, probably emerged with a hazy idea that Lee was a Sicilian satyr and Wilson a close cousin of both Nero and Caligula.

One of the things that makes the wilderness defiling is the fact that teachers teach their obsessions, whether they happen to be the subjects in which they are engaged to instruct or not. As a result, in multitudes of classrooms all over America,

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed;
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

So quickly and so adroitly do students become aware of a teacher's certainty to ramble off on his favorite theme that they become experts in cranking the crank, as a result of which they get a lecture on something bizarre and assuredly not pertinent. Incidentally their own deficiency remains undetected. This senseless loss of time, if not as positively damaging to morality as the telling of dubious stories, is certainly injurious to morale, and puts upon the whole cause of education the stigma of the ridiculous.

Another cause of mental defilement of the adolescent is disillusionment through a loss of faith; not necessarily religious belief, but merely the trust in intellectual honesty. Too many teachers lack the rugged manliness of Johnson who, being taken to task for a mistake in his massy Dictionary, instead of making an elaborate and disingenuous defense, merely said to his friendly fair accuser, "It was ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

Such candor disarms criticism, and is more salutary for the soul than a display of knowledge could possibly be.

Too many teachers, by evading questions, create a distrust in human nature. No frank admission of ignorance can ever possibly be as damaging, either to the confessor of it or to his audience, as the slightest show of disingenuousness —a weakness that youth is especially keen to detect. It is a kind of dishonesty, and as such is corrupting.

No human mind, so vast is the field of knowledge, should ever be embarrassed by an inability to answer any question. One of the very ablest English teachers I ever knew could never write a page without slips in spelling; and the famous head of a history department confessed to me that he never could remember how George I happened to have a claim on the throne of Great Britain. Any teacher of experience knows that questions are sure to be asked him which he cannot answer. He has the choice of being candid or evasive. The effect of frankness is salutary, of evasiveness is de-

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filing. For if the teacher evades, what can we expect a pupil to do? What these young minds are learning about is by no means technical things, but about life itself, human motive, human behavior.

If a lack of candor is a species of dishonesty, a species of cruelty is the employment of sarcasm. To be ironic toward inferiors is to fail to apprehend the function of irony. We do not happily employ sarcasm against children. Like the poisoned thorn sped from the blowpipe of a Bornean, invisible and deadly it flies; its prick is at first hardly felt. But the victim does not go far before he staggers. It is a great weapon against tyranny, pride, and mature presumption. But to use it to lacerate the feelings of those in his keeping, wounding fatally the sensibilities of those whose good-will determines in part his own effectiveness as a teacher—against those over whom he has every advantage—is a rather dastardly affair.

There are those in educational work who defend the use of sarcasm. "It's the only spear," I heard one teacher say, "which will pierce the hide of a rhinoceros." But this opinion reveals rather unenviably the teacher's character by affording us his view of a student. Is there not a power in gentleness of which we have but a faint appreciation? And for purposes of instruction (as, indeed, for most human contacts) courtesy is a far more penetrant lance than sarcasm; and it leaves no wound to be forgotten—or remembered. Tolerance, patience, kindliness—these are worth infinitely more than venom and violence.

It was Polonius, I believe, who declared that age is as liable to error as youth. A failure to recognize this truth leads many teachers to show a lack of deference for the opinions of their students. The masters too often take it for granted that the men must of necessity be wrong. In our strange uncertain world the assumption of any complete authority is perilous; for by such an assumption the gates are closed to the renovating and refreshing effects of the winds of the morning. It has long been my opinion that the deferential teacher is putting himself in the only sure way of enlightenment. Though he may be a strong river, his current is revivified by the inpouring of the fresh streams from the crystal springs of youth. During a period of twenty-five years of the teaching of "Macbeth," by giving close heed to the opinions of boys who had never read the play before, I have gathered upward of two hundred vital and original annotations, a mention of no one of which is made even in Furness's massive and elaborate Variorum Edition of the masterpiece. Impatience of youthful opinion defiles the wilderness by inferring the accepted inferiority of the pupil and thus chilling the warm and spontaneous enthusiasm of the young investigator. Every honest teacher knows in his heart that many of his pupils will some day surpass him; what he needs to be alert to sense is that even now, in at least some respects, the disciple is greater than his lord. A wholesome consciousness of the possibility of this fact unfailingly leads to deference, and deference to priceless discovery on the teacher's part, and a quickened intellectual curiosity on the student's.

Perhaps the wilderness is sometimes defiling because many a teacher fails to become aware of the singular and sacred trust of his profession. This awareness makes him joyous; if he is not, he can hardly be a great and true teacher. He does not even know how lucky he is.

Despite criticism, despite commiseration, despite some of the most famous

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characterizations in literature, a teacher is the last man in the world to stand in need of sympathy. Pity, if you will, the bank clerk; pity the railway conductor, the lawyer, the bond salesman, the physician; yes, pity the millionaire, and even the editor. But why lavish compassionate regrets upon the most happy and fortunate of men? Why pity the teacher? His hours for work are short, his pay ample, his degree of liberty almost unique, his vacations exciting in their liberality. Moreover, if he preserves the barest amenities, his standing in a community is assured. While he possesses all those things which are supposed to make for happiness, he is commonly regarded as the most self-sacrificing of mortals. In a sense he is; but his very sacrifice is of that kind that affords durable satisfaction.

A teacher is most fortunate because he is essentially a knight-errant. He is forever breaking lances, attempting to unhorse adversaries. His everlasting enemies are the Powers of Darkness, lurking in the shadowy virginal recesses of the adolescent mind and heart. His daily business is to hunt down and destroy error; and those who regard teaching as a tame and colorless business fail to realize that this whole matter of Education is, in its last analysis, an Armageddon with the Devil. I think it rather a gallant affair—a part of the great tournament of life. Some champions battle with objective opponents—with the forces of nature; against seas, mountains, tides, deserts, and the air. The teacher's fight is with subjective foes; with everything that is wrong in thought, reasoning, feeling, motive.

I am not aware that to discomfort Error is the main purpose of every profession. In law, for example, the successful prosecution or defense of a case may depend wholly upon the disingenuous conception and pertinacious maintenance of some gross error. In teaching, this can never be so. Being as fallible as any other human being, the teacher is naturally liable to a multitude of mistakes. But it is never his business to dissemble. Truth and Right—these are the things for which he must constantly contend. And when he finally persuades some doubting childish mind that two and two really do make four, he has achieved a giant victory. That mind will never be the same again. He has revolutionized a human soul; within limits, he has determined a human destiny. There is a genuine triumph of principle in that, which, as Emerson reminds us, is the only thing in this world which can bring us peace.

You see a teacher, stoop-shouldered perhaps; peering, gentle of voice, self-effacing. And you are inclined to think him pathetic, futile. You contrast him with some Apollo of the social world, or some Hercules of the physical or financial world. But be not deceived. That same pathetic figure is the grimmest of champions. Daily, almost hourly, in the invisible lists of the spirit his business is to call the gigantic bluff of the Devil. If a teacher is really faithful to his formidable task, no one has a better right than he to say, at the end, "I have fought a good fight." Teaching is a militant crusade to rout the hosts of Darkness, and to capture for God the Holy City of the human soul.

But not only is a teacher a champion in the lists of life against Error; he has the privilege of dealing constantly and intimately with the commonplace celestial stuff called human nature—the stuff of which glory and love and sacrifice are made. He is not forever starving his soul by handling bills of sale, invoices,

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bundles of calico, crates of prunes. His contacts are with the human spirit. He walks with mystery. His intimates are the heart's eternal affirmations. His comrades are the hopes and fears and aspirations of others. While he is teaching some particular subject, he is learning from the great Book of Humanity. Daily he takes the lives of others into his heart. A teacher may be regarded (if he be honestly a teacher and not a burlesque) as an agent of God; for it is his function in life to deal with the most delicate and most perfect material, as far as we know, that God ever created. To work directly for and with people for their mental and spiritual advantage is probably the most fascinating task in all the world; and even if its material rewards were small, its privileges would remain inestimable.

I say the teacher's task is a great one; for it is no less an undertaking than to make the mind and heart aware of the beauty and the majesty of the laws of existence. He has nothing to do with creating either the mind and heart of the student, or the laws of God. But he makes the student conscious of their existence and their power. He may even go beyond the point of merely indicating the laws; he may attempt to reconcile the spirit of Youth to them. A teacher is a rising-bell sounding in the retired hallways of the spirit. With the dormant soul he must be incessant, provocative, pitiless; but his work is done when the sleeper awakens. Seldom supplying a student with anything, a teacher simply alarms the student with the consciousness of his own power and possibility.

Privileged to deal forthright with human nature, a teacher learns of it while he is teaching. He learns that immature minds are astonishingly good judges of character. They are quick to respond to nobility. Their sentiments are lofty and generous. I have dealt, I suppose, more or less directly with more than five thousand students. I never met one who could not be reached by some appeal to his better nature. I do not find the younger generation lacking in the fundamental virtues. The longer I teach, the more I love human nature. There is an essential nobility in it that, discernible even in children, is the stuff of which immortal spirits are made. Teaching develops one's faith in the race. Humanity may have a long way to go toward perfection; but we teachers believe it is on the right road there.

The teacher is compelled to associate with the springtime. He lives in a country of April tears and laughter. Always his contacts are with joyous and buoyant and radiant youth, ignorant mayhap, but full of courage and loyalty to the ancient virtues. In the other walks of life, a man grows old with his associates, or with his patients, or with his customers. In teaching, the pathway is always lined with perennials in full bloom. A teacher has no business growing old; and I know many a teacher of fifty who looks like a youngster—and acts like one too. Is it not fortunate—this forced delightful association with the freshness and beauty of young minds and hearts, this lingering (though one's autumn be due) in the incredible gardens of a spiritual springtime?

Those in great authority in schools and colleges are the overseers of the wilderness of the educational world. One sure method by which they can render that wilderness less defiling for those for whose mental and spiritual welfare they are responsible is assuredly by giving a closer heed to the true dignity and worth of the character of the teachers whose services they engage.

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Emergent Evolution: The New Philosophy of Nature

BY ROY WOOD SELLARS
Author of "Evolutionary Naturalism," "The Next Step in Religion," etc.

Science and philosophy now continually overlap. Their feud is dying. Doctor Sellars believes that our outlook upon man and his world in the process of formation may hold for all time. He presents a theory held by an important group of English and American philosophers, which differs from scientific mechanism and from philosophic dualism.

ALMOST unheralded, an event of tremendous importance to our Western civilization is occurring. But that is the way with all really great events. They come, as we are told the Kingdom of Heaven will come, quietly, like a thief in the night. And decades afterward—it may be in the State of Tennessee, it may be in China—people awaken to find that traditional views have been challenged and outgrown.

What is this unheralded event to which I refer? It is the co-operative working of those patient and persistent agencies of man's intellectual curiosity, science and philosophy. These are joining hands in an attempt to interpret for humanity the results of centuries of investigation and reflection. The query before them is this: What is the meaning of these results? Must our views of nature and of human life be profoundly altered? How will the perspective and incentives of human action be affected? Significant questions these, for they foreshadow the rise of a joint science and philosophy of the world and of human life, revolutionary in its significance, and yet founded on a rock more enduring than any supernatural revelation has proven to be.

There are many signs that such a flowering of science into a philosophy of the universe and of human life is upon us. The *tempo* of all the special sciences has been quickening. Discoveries have been following each other with amazing speed. The sharp boundaries which once existed between them are disappearing. And there has been added a truly remarkable growth of the human and social sciences. But this is not all. The barriers between philosophy and science have also broken down. Scientists are becoming philosophers, and philosophers look out upon the world with the eyes of scientists. A roll-call of illustrious names could be composed which would include men claimed by both science and philosophy. It would seem that something like a crystallization of formative ideas is impending.

Those who are familiar with the history of the past know that something of this nature, but on a smaller scale, has happened before. Periods of interpretation and generalization follow upon periods of exploration and discovery. The seventeenth century was just such a period of basic generalization. In the science of that time we have the tri-

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umphs of astronomy and mechanics; in philosophy, the far-reaching systems of Descartes and Spinoza. But our own era promises to surpass all that has gone before because of the broad foundations in all fields which the intervening centuries have laid. Knowledge has been increasing by leaps and bounds from physics to psychology. There is no part of the domain of nature and human history upon which light has not been cast. And therefore the thought is persistently arising *that the outlook upon man and his world which is to-day in process of formation may, in its essentials, hold for all time.* Even to think this possibility makes the pulse stir. How thrilling it is to imagine that the mind of man may in our own generation gather together the threads of the world-pattern! Such is the prospect before the scientists and thinkers of the present. Who does not envy them?

Philosophy and science have not always worked peacefully and fraternally together. Science has feared that philosophy was too speculative and *à priori,* that it did not realize the necessity and value of the steady spade-work it was accomplishing. It suspected philosophy of being favorable to romantic and transcendental views. And I would be the last to deny that such suspicions had a measure of justification. Philosophy, on the other hand, was aware of this suspicion of the scientist, this veiled doubt of its value and significance. And it, on its part, had a shrewd suspicion that the traditional, mechanical theory of the world which science had, almost officially, erected into its philosophy was not quite adequate, that it did not cover human life as philosophy knew it. And so, during the nineteenth century, the relations between science and philosophy were somewhat strained.

But, with the passing of time, the situation insensibly changed. On the one hand, nature began to open up for science in a remarkable and unprecedented way. Almost against its own will, science was compelled to examine its widest generalizations and assumptions, that is, to do something very much akin to philosophy. On the other hand, philosophy itself had been affected by the biological, psychological, and social results of the sciences, and had entered upon a period of intensive re-examination of its logic and theory of knowledge. We note in the early period of the twentieth century the rise of *pragmatism* and *realism.* Pragmatism we may regard as the attempt to bring all ideas into touch with human experience, and it was thus a movement in the direction of science. Realism was likewise akin to science, but it rejected, still more sharply than pragmatism, certain remaining anthropomorphisms from which pragmatism could not free itself. Combined with this more realistic perspective in theory of knowledge we can note a franker interest in the whole detail of science and a growing tendency to work out a naturalistic interpretation of the world, including therein human life.

This *rapprochement* between science and philosophy bids fair to be unlike one of those alliances between nations with which recent politics has made us familiar. Such alliances are founded on temporary necessity or casual harmony of interests. Hence they are not more enduring than the passing convergence of interests on which they are founded. But here we have a coming together due to the inner growth of science and philosophy themselves, which promise to mingle like two streams that flow together when the separate valleys in

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which they have been formed open at the same point on a plain. But, leaving metaphors, we may point out that, in the nineteenth century, philosophy concerned itself too largely with man and his values, while science was too dominated by physics. It was not easily seen how man and inorganic nature could be brought into one comprehensive system *doing justice to both.*

It was the theory of evolution as advanced by Darwin and Wallace that began the convergence of science and philosophy. For the first time it showed how man could be brought within nature in a comprehensible fashion. But there was inevitably much fumbling and working at cross-purposes over how this could in detail be done. Because psychology and sociology were not yet sciences, biology tended to arrogate too much to itself. The part played by time in the formation of human culture and human abilities was not fully realized. Hence it has required over half a century to gain vision and perspective in these matters. The first crudities are disappearing and something of the character of a philosophy of nature has been gradually arising which may remove the sting to many sensitive souls from the idea that man, also, is a child of nature, born in due time and playing a magnificent rôle of his own creation.

Thus, beneath the hurly-burly of modern social life with its haste and hurry, its political compromises and social injustices, its undirected industrial expansion, its cultural "lags" and radicalisms, we become aware of serene workers for order and wisdom banded together in associations throughout the world. Here is a new social force whose full significance has not yet been comprehended. Men have praised it for its industrial boons, for the power over nature it has furnished. They have lauded it for its gifts to medicine. They have vaguely realized its transforming influence over the whole technical aspect of society. But they have not realized that it had a deeper message for man than these external gifts, that it was more than a technique of power. It is to this neglected message that philosophy can call attention. Nay, it can do more. Because philosophy has always concerned itself with human values, it can connect up these values with the situation which knowledge discloses. There is good reason to believe that out of this union and interaction will come a new and vital perspective for human life. It is not too much to assert that science linked to philosophy will discern incentives and values which, taken together, may be called religious. I hasten to add that it will contain only the heart of religion and not those supernatural creeds which have sprung from man's ignorance and the accompanying tendency to project into the heavens that which gave comfort to his fears and loneliness while he was struggling against an unconquered nature and his own kind.

The suggestion which I have to put forth, then, is that science and philosophy are in our own day maturing a spiritual revelation which will include and carry farther those revelations of individual prophets in the past who spoke from their own noble personalities alone. We shall have here a *co-operative revelation*, growing, maturing, being added to, by the very thrust of the informed spiritual life of our time. The foundation of this revelation will be knowledge and the insight which knowledge gives. Yet not knowledge alone. For to knowledge will be joined

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critical valuation, a sensing of man's needs, possibilities, expressions, appreciations. It will be an experimental, socially founded revelation which employs all the instruments of which our present life has become aware when it ceases to grasp after mere power and pastime.

But I must not be carried too far from my present theme, which is to indicate the new philosophy of nature which is arising unheralded in our own day and is the first-fruits of the co-operation of science and philosophy. The farther prospects we must postpone, though we could not forebear hinting at their presence.

I

The idea of evolution is—contrary to general opinion—a very old one. Like many of our basic notions, it had already been advanced by the Greeks. This gifted people has shown how much of the general character of the world can be discerned by those who come to it with a fairly open mind. But the Greeks did not carry the idea of evolution very far. In the first place, they were not greatly interested in origins. For them the question did not have the powerful emotional meaning it has for us with our Christian and Jewish traditions of the origin of man. We may say that, in this respect, they resembled primitive man, who has never felt his difference from the animals as keenly as has civilized man of the Western world. In the second place, their brilliant culture began to weaken before their science had secured adequate methods and co-operative habits of research. We have here a very interesting problem of the sociology of science, into which we cannot now enter. Suffice it to point out that, from a combination of factors, Greek civilization—as Gilbert Murray has put it—"lost its nerve." Predatory and political Rome could not supply this spiritual lack.

The modern world both lost and won when contrasted with the Greeks. It won local vigor, variety, and extensiveness. Culture secured a broader and steadier foundation. But it lost for a time that intellectual freedom and range which the Greeks owed to their very freshness. The science and the philosophy which we find growing up in the Western world from the period of the *Rebirth* was immersed in an already ancient and both politically and emotionally powerful theology. Much of the tragedy which we find associated with the springing up of new ideas is due to that omnipresent atmosphere of belief sustained with passionateness by the psychological forces of suggestion, education, and loyalty.

As is well known, science began its encroachments upon tradition by eating away at the non-human world. Its first conquests were in astronomy and physics. Galileo followed Copernicus. The earth was thrust from the centre of things and assigned a place as a planet revolving with others around the sun, itself but one star among countless hosts. How terrific a challenge this was to tradition few to-day realize even among our fundamentalists, because our mental adjustments to it have been made from childhood. But our present purpose does not call upon us to portray the shock and clash of ideas involved. The significant point is, that, bit by bit, what is called *the mechanical view of the world* arose among thinkers. What Copernicus and Galileo began, Descartes and Newton finished. They and their co-workers sketched a theory of the pattern and construction of the phys-

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ical world which broke with the ideas inherited from Aristotle and the Church.

It is not altogether easy, in a few words, to contrast the older view with the one which was now arising. Perhaps the best way is to stress a difference of method and intellectual procedure. The scholastic mode was essentially an attempt to penetrate to the intrinsic nature of objects, seeking therein their form or essence. It was supposed that these intrinsic forms were united with matter, and yet had in them that which bound them to other things in a natural order rising from the inanimate to the animate, the intelligent, and, finally, to the *pure form* which was the "first mover" dwelling in the heavens, the desire for which stirred all created creatures and things. Here we have the thought of types, intrinsic properties, purpose, desire. The framework has a human cast. Our human yearning is projected into the very nature of things. Almost by intense conception, as it were, our minds are to gaze into the depths of the things around us and to grasp their basic nature and position in the divine economy.

How different was the new procedure! It was measurement, causal relations, physical disruption into spatial parts, experiment, which were brought forward as methods and guiding ideas. Intrinsic forms were declared to be—in Bacon's striking phrase—barren virgins. The whole idea of hierarchy and teleology was discarded to give place to the thought of a homogeneous matter whose parts could be regarded as spatially external and in a flux of movement and collision. The important actions were weighing and measuring, noting cause-and-effect relations and uniformities, discovering laws of a mathematical sort, pulling to pieces, joining together, and in all this taking nothing for granted, never for a moment supposing that anything akin to desire and purpose controlled what occurred.

Such was, in its main outline and perspective, the mechanical view of the world as it arose to take the place of the mediæval outlook. Observation rather than penetrative conception, experimentation in place of deduction and plausible suggestion; above all, measurement. And there quickly developed with these new procedures a dislike for any injection of the human into nature. Nature must be considered blind, moved from outside, an affair of force and motion, of impact and impulsion; and the matter of which nature is composed must be regarded as alien to mind, something inert, massive, shoved about from outside according to formulas which could be discovered by observation and experiment.

The formulation of such a scheme was the work of centuries. Method and theory developed together. And we must remember that science began with the study of large bodies. It discovered the laws of the lever, the laws of falling bodies, the principle of mass, the law of gravitation. It was the inorganic world in the large which occupied its attention. It examined those behaviors which seem to us to-day statistical resultants. It had no experimental knowledge of the genuinely minute. That was to come only in our day. It knew little of chemical processes and less of physiological ones. But while it did not know these, it was convinced that the ideas it had developed were applicable to them. Its daring was magnificent. Descartes declares that all animals are complex machines, and that

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man differs from them only in the fact that he has an effective soul which can intervene somehow in a rational way in conduct.

How can we account for this daring? It was quite obviously the expression of two things: (1) the firm rejection of the older view which seemed to be the only alternative, and (2) the confidence in the efficacy of the new methods. And I believe that our own thought would grant to these innovators of their own time the essential truth of their position. Science is three-fourths method, though this method grows and deepens and throws up ideas around itself as a burrowing animal throws up dirt from its hole. And new ideas are set in contrast only with those which are rejected, for the simple reason that the distant future has no present representative. Sufficient unto each generation is the thought of that generation. It is within it that it lives and moves and works.

Let us now survey the results of this first grand movement of science and scientific method. What kind of a world appeared to the mental eye of our scientific and philosophical predecessors?

The physical world was set over against an immaterial, mental world which stretched vaguely upward from man's soul to uncharted regions of the supernatural. This immaterial realm absorbed the traditional demands of faith and left the physical world free for persistent exploration in accordance with the new methods. Philosophy and theology might have this supernumerary world for their own, provided they would leave the sciences in peace. Something like a *modus vivendi* was thus established. This division, which had its roots in the strength of theological traditions and established religious hopes, on the one hand, and in the very youthfulness and limitations of early science, on the other, has come down to us labelled *Cartesian dualism*. For it was Descartes in the seventeenth century who gave it its clear, almost scholastic, formulation. Mind is thinking substance, and to it are not applicable the methods of the sciences. Matter is extended substance, something measurable, something to which mensuration and experiment can be applied. Such is the outline of the first modern philosophy of nature.

II

What has occurred to challenge this philosophy of nature with its sharp division between mind and matter, between the mechanical and the purposive and the spiritual? It is to this question that we now turn. What inadequacies in the old, what opening up of new horizons, have forced philosophy and science to a new crisis and the need of a new philosophy of nature?

With Dewey we can, I think, date the crisis from Darwin. Were we writing a history of thought, we could not neglect mention of his predecessors in the field of organic evolution. But he it was who brought the idea home by connecting it up with scientific method. His careful work and his theory of age-long natural selection brought home to men the possibility of seeing man, also, as a part of nature. And what Darwin only began, science took up in its systematic and intensive way in all the biological, human, and social sciences whose number is almost legion, so widespread is science to-day. Perhaps few outside a university can comprehend how manifold is the investigation going on. But the popular mind has been struck by behaviorism in psychology and by psychoanalysis.

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What did this development imply? That man and all of organic life was being brought into nature. Could it be done without modification of the philosophy of nature which had grown up in the seventeenth century while man was excluded? Here we have the motivation of the new philosophy of science whose formulation we are to-day witnessing, and which I have been suggesting is of tremendous importance. The theory of emergent evolution has come as a solution of the crisis which has lasted from Darwin's day to our own.

It is necessary, I believe, to distinguish between the official philosophy of science and science itself, as a growth of information, insight and method. The mechanical view of the world had become a dogma controlling the loyalties of even those scientists who made least use of its overt principles. What was there to replace it? What other alternative was there? None that they could see. Either the mechanical view of the world or obscurantism; who could hesitate for a moment? Even now the situation formulates itself to many in these terms.

But slow changes had been occurring in all the sciences. Man had been adding the organic and the social fields to his subjects of investigation. Something of flexibility and empiricism had been entering. Each science had to be given a measure of freedom, not only in methods but in ideas. The result was a variety of concepts expressive of the facts of each domain, even though this variety was overshadowed by the dogma of pure mechanism. And thus mechanism came to mean scientific method as well as strict mechanism in its pristine vigor. No one knew where to draw the line and few tried. Thus mechanism often meant little more than the careful study of the structure and function of things within the context of matter and energy, space and time. A non-mechanical view implied—so it was thought—appeal to the ghostly and non-physical, to vital forces and entities like disembodied minds and sub-minds.

Now, as the sciences continued to explore their fields and passed from externals to an examination of the internal processes of things, from what has been called the macroscopic to the microscopic, all along the line from physics to psychology, the dogma of pure mechanism could be less and less included as an article of faith inseparable from scientific method and physical realism. And there can be no doubt, I believe, that the inclusion of both organisms and human minds in nature with the growth of biology, scientific psychology, and sociology brought affairs to a crisis. Was it possible to press onward to a new mechanics more flexible than the old, yet just as expressive of scientific method? It was in answer to wide-spread and half-expressed queries of this sort that the new philosophy of nature, called emergent evolution, received formulation.

The adoption of the term "emergent" we owe to Lloyd Morgan, a pupil of Huxley and an investigator of distinction in animal psychology. Forced by his own work to feel the inadequacy of traditional views, he found that John Stuart Mill and G. H. Lewes had contrasted two kinds of causation, in one of which there is no essential novelty brought to birth, while, in the other, there appears the new and the unpredictable. Lewes suggested that we call the first event a "resultant" and the second event an "emergent." Let me quote from Morgan:

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"When carbon having certain properties combines with sulphur having other properties, there is formed not a mere mixture but a new compound, some of the properties of which are quite different from those of either component. Now the weight of the compound is an additive resultant, the sum of the weights of the components; and this could be predicted before any molecule of carbon-bisulphide had been formed. One could say in advance that if carbon and sulphur shall be found to combine in any ascertainable proportions, there will be such and such weight as *resultant*. But sundry other properties are constitutive emergents which (it is claimed) could not be foretold in advance of such combination. Of course when one has learnt what emerges in *this* particular instance, one may predict what will emerge in *that* like instance under similar circumstances. One has learnt something of the natural plan of emergent evolution."

This quotation from Morgan's book, called "Emergent Evolution," suggests the main elements of the theory. It is a protest against the view that all things in nature are just complex mechanical mixtures, and it asserts that organization is significant and real.

This acceptance of the reality and significance of organization in nature so that something akin to levels with new properties actually exists is the gist of the revolutionary philosophy of nature which is meeting with wide interest. It must be borne in mind that these levels have a temporal or genetic connection, that they are supposed to develop historically from the simple to the complex in all sorts of diverse ways. From radiant energy we pass to matter, from atoms to molecules, from molecules to inorganic chemical substances, thence under favoring conditions to living matter, unicellular organisms, plants, animals of ever higher organization, and, lastly, man. Differentiation and organization mean internal unity, on the one hand, and adjustment to the environment, on the other. New properties, capacities, modes of behavior, structure arise as emergent evolution proceeds. The laws of nature at one level are not a mere repetition of those at a lower level. Investigation alone can tell us what a thing can do and what its nature is.

This theory is clearly an application to nature as a whole of what is felt to be implied in organic evolution. In a sense, it is a working downward from the facts which stand out in biology and psychology to a more vigorous interpretation of all of nature. Was not the conception of a homogeneous, one-level kind of nature too simple? Was there any logical necessity to hold such a view? Was it not, rather, a vicious product of the hasty division of the world into the mental and the blindly physical which we saw arising at the time of Descartes? It seems evident that it was one of those *wholesale solutions* of which both science and philosophy should be wary. Fortunately, of late, advances in physics and chemistry have given insight into the genuine organization which is to be found in the minutely small. Thus we see that organization is a characteristic that runs through the physical world from top to bottom.

Emergent evolution is no return to the pre-mechanistic theory of nature. It makes no appeal to intrinsic forms, nor does it accept a fixed hierarchy in nature. Everything is process and adjustment. There is no pull from a higher world of pure form implied. The new

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theory is obviously post-mechanistic instead, a theory which represents the actual complication of nature instead of trying to force the facts in an arbitrary and dogmatic way into a simple, undifferentiated scheme. It gives back something of activity and vitality to nature, and makes it the scene of real happenings of a genuinely creative sort.

I have quoted from an Englishman, Lloyd Morgan, because the terminology has come in large measure from England. But it would give a false impression, which he would be the last to desire spread abroad, were we not to mention others in this country as well as in England whose names are to be connected either with developing the theory or with welcoming it. In fact, he was kind enough to discuss my own book, "Evolutionary Naturalism," in the appendix to his book, and to point out certain basic resemblances between his own theory and mine. Again, we must mention S. Alexander and C. D. Broad in England. In this country, Spaulding, Lovejoy, Patrick, Jennings, Wheeler, G. H. Parker, Brown, Ritter, and Conger should be named. Such a roll-call is in itself impressive. It would seem that the theory of emergent evolution bids fair to meet a genuine need.

Perhaps another quotation, from an American biologist this time, may cast further light upon the theory for the reader. "Evolution," writes H. S. Jennings of Johns Hopkins, "is often identified with perfect mechanisms, or at least held to be consistent and coincident in its operations with mechanism; the universe as a whole, or any limited sample of it, is a set of particles, of one or a few kinds, moving according to certain few invariable laws; the consequent groupings of the particles constituting the universe at diverse periods. The process of transformation of the grouping is evolution. . . . Evolution is the working of a great machine that never alters its mode of action nor the nature of its product. . . . Science is therefore mainly rationalistic; to but a minimal extent empirical. . . . The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun." In contrast to this old mechanical notion of evolution he presents the following characterization of emergent evolution: "The doctrine of emergent evolution rejects this vision as an illusion; explicitly denies the propositions it bodies forth; substitutes for them others that are irreconcilable with them, and with the practical and theoretical conclusions drawn from them. . . . Concretely, it holds that such new things and new modes of action distinguish the living from the non-living, the sentient from the non-sentient, the reasoning from the non-reasoning, the social from the solitary. It affirms, under correction, that the same is true for the steps from electrons to atoms, from atoms to molecules, from molecules to crystals." It is impossible to quote more extensively from his eloquent article in the January number of *Science* for 1927. But it will be seen how entirely he agrees with the general thesis of Lloyd Morgan and myself that pure mechanism is an abstraction and is not empirically adequate to the facts.

III

It has been of greater importance to get the basic idea of the new philosophy of nature before us than to develop and visualize its implications and consequences. That these will be many goes without saying. It may be that in this

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theory lies the possibility—as Patrick has suggested in an article in *The Scientific Monthly*—of softening those oppositions between evolutionists and fundamentalists which have even broken out in legislation in various States of the Union.

How is this possible? you may say. Not by giving up evolution but by bringing out more clearly than has been done in the past the genuine differences between man and the other animals, by showing that genesis has little to do with actual quality and final nature, by revealing the part played by social culture and inheritance in lifting man immeasurably above the brutes. To stress and acknowledge these facts may take from many the sting of man's ascent along the ladder of life.

But, for science and philosophy, there are other implications which must appeal to the imagination. It seems probable that this new philosophy of nature makes possible the elimination of those old dualisms and enigmas which have for ages baffled man's intellect. To the speculative mind the outlook is intoxicating. There is promise in it of the understanding of life, of the human mind, of society, of the nature of values and their locus in reality. Things appear to be falling together as in some picture-puzzle to which one has found a clew. In short, it looks as though our generation will witness the construction of a philosophy of the world and of human life in it which, as I have already suggested, may in its general outlines hold for all time.

The Wild Heart of Youth

By Helene Mullins

These many hours upon these many dark
Uncharted wastelands, finding here nor there
Sufficient light to live by, food nor air,
Need not have been; had we but stopped to mark
The unmistakable signs of the wilderness,
The heat, the feel of bones beneath the sand,
Had we but listened, and put out a hand,
Some inkling of the ruin and distress
Awaiting would have sent us back to brood—
But the wild heart of youth will ever leap
Proudly into misfortune; it must weep
And grope and stumble and feel itself pursued,
Against its will, yet never-ceasingly,
By the terrible angels of pain and ecstasy.

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Mr. Brown Pays His Hospital Bill

BY JOHN A. McNAMARA
Executive Editor, *The Modern Hospital*

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown are the parents of two children. Mr. Brown, whose income amounts to $3,500 a year, lives in an inland city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants.

The Browns are paying for their home, which is a modest enough affair, sold them when new for $15,000. It was no easy matter for the Browns to tackle the job of buying a house and thus establishing themselves as typical home-loving Americans, but with two young hopefuls to bring up it was absolutely necessary that a house be bought. A down payment of 10 per cent was a terrific strain on the family savings—in fact they were entirely exhausted—but Joe Brown is the average American who knows that one of his duties is to provide adequately for his wife and family, so the money was paid without a whimper. This was after the first child was born and the doctor's bill for that event had been liquidated. The second child was born in the new home that had been finely furnished on the "budget system."

More struggling finally eliminated the instalment collector as a monthly visitor, and at the present time we find that Joe and Mrs. Joe are living in a home half paid for, the furniture all paid for, and a little put by for the inevitable rainy day.

Both the Browns have been blessed with average health, and the children, due to their mother's intelligent care, have come through the minor diseases of children without being taken to the hospital, thereby making them average children in every way.

One day Brown is taken to the hospital on advice of his doctor because he must be operated upon for an unruly appendix. Up until now the Browns didn't know the first thing about appendixes or why they should come out, and to them the hospital was the place where people were carted off to die at their leisure. It was also the place that seemed to be always out of money and always asking the public for support. In fact, Joe had contributed in his modest way to the local Community Chest, more because he had been asked to do so by his boss than because he had been overcome by any generous impulse. Mrs. Brown one afternoon had worked some linen towels for the hospital at a church affair, but she, too, did this not from any altruistic impulse but because a neighbor had asked her to do it.

So the Browns were up against the perplexing problem of choosing first a physician, then a hospital, of deciding what type room they would have, then surmising how long Joe would be a patient in the institution—provided he was fortunate enough to come out alive—and a hundred and one other problems that confront the average citizen who lives in the average city and goes to the average hospital.

Eighteen days later Joe was walking more or less feebly around the house and was planning on going back to work the

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following Monday. The company for which he worked being an average company did not pay him while he was away from the bench, but there was an employees' insurance society and he was able to draw half of his pay from this source. However, when his friends called upon him during his days of convalescence he was loud in his complaints.

"Only half-pay for three whole weeks, with double and treble expense," he ranted. "Why, that hospital cost me $334; it's outrageous. They want you to contribute all the time, but when you have to go to them they want you to pay full price for everything. Every time the nurse comes into your room it costs you money. Never again for me. I'm through with hospitals forever."

Mrs. Brown and the two little Browns always acted as Greek chorus and nodded their approval of Papa Brown's denouncements. On Monday Brown returned to his work and, being an average man, he soon forgot his grudge against the hospital. He didn't contribute to the next Community Chest, but he did the following year and probably will each year to come. After he had returned to work he found that his health was improved, he soon got a raise to about $4,000, and the depleted family budget is again back to normal.

It might be a good idea at this point to make a "break down" of Brown's hospital bill. The surgeon charged him an even hundred for the operation, which was reasonable enough for an appendectomy; he also charged an added $50 for examinations, visits, and so forth. For one week of the eighteen days Brown was in the hospital it was necessary for him to have a special nurse, nights only. She worked twelve hours each night and was paid $7 a night for her work. (Incidentally, this is about the same rate per hour as earned by a first-class hod-carrier.) The hospital charged him for her meals $14 a week. There was a $15 fee for the use of the operating-room, the administering of the anæsthetic cost $11 more, routine laboratory charge was $5, and he paid $5 a day for his room, meals, and ordinary nursing, which amounted to $90 for the eighteen days. This totalled $334.

The hospital's part of this was actually $14 for the nurse's board, $15 for the use of the operating-room, $11 for the administering of the anæsthetic, $5 for the laboratory tests, and $90 for the bed, board, and ordinary nursing, which amounted to $135, about $200 less than Brother Brown told the neighbors. In other words, being the usual citizen, he told the usual lie and bunched his entire sickness bill under the heading "hospital" and blamed it for the entire amount. This was perfectly natural, because if he had told his sympathetic neighbors that he had paid the hospital $135 for eighteen days' stay, they would not have had anything to be sympathetic about. You can always get adherents when you condemn the hospital and its high charges.

Permit me to analyze the hospital bill of $135. The hospital made a possible profit of $6.25 on the special nurse's board. They lost about $3 on the use of the operating-room. It cost them all of the $11 for the anæsthetic and the anæsthetists, and the laboratory fee gave them a profit of thirty-five cents. The hospital lost $7.20 on the room-and-board charge. So the transaction between Mr. Joseph Brown, average citizen, and the Middletown General Hospital resulted in a loss of $3.60 for the hospital.

If Mr. Brown had had occasion to go to a hotel for eighteen days instead of a

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hospital he would probably have chosen a modest hostelry and paid $3 a day for his room. Frugality would have allowed him to spend another $3 a day for his food, and he would have been compelled by custom to tip a total of fifty cents a day to the bellboys and waiters. Being well at the hotel instead of sick at the hospital, he would have needed neither interns nor nurses, but if he had he would have paid extra for them. The hotel does no research work, maintains no diagnostic or therapeutic apparatus, and does not educate health-workers of any kind.

You come to hotels of your own volition, pay for what you get, and leave in the same physical condition that you enter. You go to hospitals when you are ill or injured, you get in addition to room and board the advantages of the discoveries of modern medical science, and you leave—if you are the average hospital patient—in a better physical condition than that in which you arrived. Still further, it has cost you less than your visit to the hotel. Yet no one is up in arms over hotel bills; they are taken as a matter of course.

Mr. Brown was not the only patient that cost the hospital money during those eighteen days. Please remember that this is an average hospital, that it contains a hundred beds, that its cost per patient per day is $5.40, that it does between 15 and 20 per cent free work—and by free work is meant absolutely free, not those who do not pay their bills but predetermined charity cases—that the hospital maintains a training-school where girls who have graduated from high school may become nurses without charge, that it further educates medical-school graduates with a one-year internship free of charge, and that it has been responsible directly or indirectly for keeping the entire community well for many years.

The hospitalization of many patients causes a deficit to the hospital of $3.60, and the hospital has no complaint to make. The average patient is of moderate means, with the same habits as the rest of us, he buys a home "just like rent," he buys his furniture on the instalment plan, he has a little medium-priced car that he goes to work in on week-days and out into the country with the wife and kids on Sundays. No one wants to take from him his house, his furniture, or his car.

In this and similar cases the doctor, the nurse, and the hospital have charged a minimum figure, and even at that it has been a hardship. True, the doctor charged a total of $150 for a difficult operation, frequent visits that lasted for more than eighteen days, but this was far from exorbitant. True, the nurse charged $49 a week to care for the patient under the doctor's orders, working a total of eighty-four hours; but her work is neither steady nor regular; it is a most tiring night job, composed of both mental and physical exhaustion, and is her reward after spending four years in high school and three years as a student nurse. While her classmates have homes and husbands of their own, or steady responsible professions or positions, she works irregularly longer hours at more tiring work for less pay. And, lastly, the hospital itself loses money. Is there a solution? Can there be some equalization process whereby the patient gets his health back for a satisfactory sum, the hospital makes instead of loses money, and the nurse obtains steady work? None has been found so far, although much study is being given to the problem.

The one-hundred-bed hospital may

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expect to fill an average of seventy beds every day. Twenty-five of these are non-paying or, in other words, are contributed to society for its indigent poor. Twenty of them will be rented for from $6 to $10 a day, or an average of $8 a day. These will be the de luxe rooms. Twenty-five of them will rent for from $3 to $5 a day and will be neat, small, and with no private toilet facilities. On the rental from the beds the hospital will realize a total of $285 per day, and will spend for the upkeep of all of them, including the twenty-five free beds, $378, thereby incurring a total loss of $83 a day. There is a possibility that there may be some further gains for the hospital in the way of a slight profit from the laboratory of, let us say, $5 a day, from the special nurses' meals of perhaps another $5 a day, but the annual deficit will run about $20,000 any way you figure it.

Of course there are several ways that this can be reduced. Cut down the size of the nurse-training school and thereby have each nurse attend more patients. This means less service for the patients in the hospital, it means less nurses available by graduation for public-health nursing, school nursing, visiting nursing, and industrial nursing. The community in the end will pay, and pay far more dearly than it does to-day, through the added expense to the members of society who go to hospitals.

Or it would be possible to do away with intern training, and instead of giving young physicians a year of practical work under the guidance of the best physicians and surgeons in the community, let them open up their offices and proceed under the guidance of the Great God Chance; but the death-rate of the community will be higher and there will be more crooked arms and legs than under the intern-training method.

Lastly, all of this deficit could be made up by eliminating free work, and the poor could get along the best way they could. Again your death-rate will rise, your industrial absentees will increase, and while you will save money for the hospital, you will spend many times more through the Commissioner of the Poor and without nearly as good effect.

It should be remembered—but it seldom is—that the hospital has a fourfold mission to perform if it is to fill its place in the general scheme of the community. It must prevent illness, it must cure illness, it must educate those who will care for illness, and it must do as much research as possible into illness. Those who complain about hospitals usually consider only the curing of illness, and forget completely the other functions.

The community owes a distinct debt of gratitude to every well-conducted hospital for the work it has done in preventing epidemics, in handling large numbers of patients when the "flu" is rampant, or some unusual catastrophe such as tornado, flood, fire, or large accidents happen. It is then that the hospital beds are filled, cots put in the halls, the interns' and nurses' quarters used for the ill or injured, the nurses who have graduated from the hospital donating their trained services to those in distress, and the entire medical staff working night and day for the alleviation of suffering.

Even in normal times the hospital performs a distinct service to society and to the industries of society. The death-rate in hospitals has been lowered in the past twenty years until now it is less than 5 per cent in every well-regulated general hospital. The time spent by patients in hospitals has been reduced from fifteen days to twelve, and in some instances even from twenty days to eleven.

When it is considered that in the

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United States out of the total nine hundred and fourteen thousand nine hundred and ten hospital beds nearly five hundred thousand of them are in general hospitals, occupied to 70 per cent capacity by nearly ten million patients now being returned thirty million days earlier to productivity, we have an industrial picture worth considering. If each day is represented by an average earning capacity of $5, it means that by proper hospitalization as practised today in good hospitals, society is richer by $150,000,000.

If administrators of hospitals were paid the salaries they deserve, if the medical profession was paid for its contribution to the sick poor, if interns had to pay for their fifth year of training, if society had to support nurse training, there would be no such saving annually to industry nor to society, and the minor complaints of a few disgruntled patients who have written for the magazines without knowledge of the real reasons why it costs money to run hospitals would seem like praise in comparison with the howl that would go up from the public under this heavy added burden. Sometimes it is incomprehensible that communities can lose sight of the work that is being done for them without obligation or charge by the medical profession and the hospitals of the United States.

We have discussed the possibilities of doing away with nurses' schools, intern training, and the elimination of free work. Now let us discuss the hospital laboratory. During the last twenty years we have all seen the total or partial elimination of smallpox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. We have experienced the discovery of insulin, the discovery of liver as a cure for pernicious anæmia, further inoculations against the ravages of deadly diseases and the partial curing of paresis by the inoculation of malaria germs, the definite checking of tuberculosis, the introduction of rational diets in the cure of several diseases, and a score of other wonderful medical miracles. Where except in the laboratories, and the hospital laboratories in the majority of cases, were these discoveries conceived? If we do away with our research into illness, we return to the dark ages of medicine, and no one would vote for that. With the background of this laboratory work and the progress of the modern hospital we are standing on the threshold of preventive medicine. It is the cry of all health authorities that health is purchasable and illness preventable, but only with the full co-operation of the people themselves. Periodical health examination for the discovery and check of disease is gaining great headway. It is going to add to the cost of hospitalization, to the cost of illness, but it is going to further reduce death-rates, the amount of illness in the country, and it will produce happier families in healthier communities.

Now comes the question "Why only a 70 per cent occupancy? Are there not too many hospital beds?" The answer is one of organization. Most hospitals are divided into private rooms, two-bed rooms, three-bed rooms, and wards ranging from six to fifteen beds. The hospital is further divided into male and female wards and wings. While the men's surgical ward may be overcrowded, there may be but one or two maternity cases in the women's ward, and it is obvious that nothing can be done about it. Or, for instance, in February there are not enough beds to go round, while in August the percentage of occupancy may drop to as low as 45 per cent. There are some who think that an

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80 per cent occupancy is a better average, but there are those who stick to a more liberal leeway in the 70 per cent occupancy. In any event, the average for the country is about 70 per cent.

With the help of philanthropic-minded men and foundations, the community chests, the church support, and that gained from the average giver to worthy causes, hospitals are able to eke out an existence and to return to the community tenfold what the community gives to them.

As medical science advances, as the death-rate lowers, as health increases, it may be expected that the cost of hospitalization will go higher instead of lower. However, there is no cause for alarm. During the past fifteen years the cost of running the hospital has increased 135 per cent and the charge to the patient has increased only 65 per cent—less than half. But the people who are dependent upon the hospitals for their health must learn that hospitals are honestly administered, that they are performing a better service to the community than any other single factor, and that they deserve respect and support, not unjust and untrue criticism.

Go to the Ant, Thou Sluggard

BY EDGAR W. KNIGHT

THE ancient wise man's proverb which exhorted the sluggard to consider the ways of the ant who, without "overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in summer," furnishes ample Biblical authority for the summer school, sets a good example for those who attend it, and serves as a rebuke to those who look upon it with scorn and call it ugly names. But most of the scorners are misinformed. They do not know that the summer session of the American university is marked by a worthy ambition, a fine vision of its function as a teaching institution, a splendid industry, and a record of high achievements. Indeed, it is the symbol of an enterprise that has spread far beyond its original frontiers and now touches the educational life of the United States at a thousand intimate points, for very few are the American schools, large or small, into which the appeal and influence of this educational agency have not penetrated.

Somewhat in contrast to many students who attend the regular semesters, most of those in the summer session seem to know what they are about; and they go about it with intelligence, despatch, and industry. For genuine earnestness and depth of purpose few other students are so impressive. Few anywhere else show such eagerness for excellence and respect for thoroughness in their work or such capacity for sustained effort as those who kindle their torches every summer at this central flame. They usually are men and women of genial personalities but determined wills who believe that the best that anybody knows

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everybody should have opportunity to know. The educational life is real to them but a diploma is not its goal.

The goal for most of them is enlarged opportunity for educational and cultural growth and intellectual refreshment after months of routine and much arid monotony, and it seems to lie most directly through the summer session. They are not bothered with entrance examinations and irritating admission requirements exacted by the regular term which bewilder multitudes of its students and often shrivel the cheeks and whiten the hair of the registrar and age him before his time. The demands are so few and simple that summer session students can do quickly and comparatively easily the necessary chores of registration and get promptly to work. They are not confused by the president's speech or delayed by the dean's desire to lay on hands at the beginning of the session, nor are they later diverted or tyrannized by extra-curricular side shows and vaudeville. They are not exposed to collegiate traditions. There are no chapel exercises or pep meetings for them to attend, no yells to practise, no campus politics to participate in, no campus orator to applaud, no oldest graduate to listen to, no fraternity rushing season to endure, no make-up examinations to take, no folderol to chant, no college spirit to cultivate, no founders' day to observe, no graduating exercises to celebrate, no alumni secretaries to listen to or to receive letters from, and few other forms of academic whoopee to indulge in. Summer school students are remarkably safe from most of the collegiate bacilli.

Most of them have meagre financial resources and cannot make the splurge that students in the usual academic life like to make. They have scrimped for months from small wages in order to provide for contacts through summer study with fresh currents of life. Economic pressure makes them thrifty. They budget their time as well as their money. But if their bank balances are low their purposes are high, their consecration is deep, their zeal and enthusiasm are boundless, and all of these qualities they employ to the fullest advantage. Through diligence and devotion to their duty and the care with which they endeavor to perform the minutest daily task, they set good examples for many others whose resources and opportunities are larger. They exhibit an intensity of application of abilities above the average to intellectual matters that is not commonly observed among those who attend the regular sessions. They are more thoroughly and healthily alive and bring to their work more eager vitality than most of those who wander through the artificial life of college. Moreover, their maturity and professional experience unite with excellent instruction to bring academic achievements up to a highly creditable level. Through a stronger will and more earnest desire to work they proclaim sympathy and fellowship with the spirit of American education probably more clearly than any other group of people at work in it today.

Those who teach in the summer session are likewise protected more thoroughly from collegiate viruses than those who serve in the regular terms. They have no faculty meetings to attend, no long reports to make or to hear read on such subjects as athletics, fraternities, musical and dramatic organizations, dances, student health, sanitation, and mortality, honorary degrees, holidays, pensions in arrears, the living conditions of the faculty, the honor system, or university sermons. There are no delinquent

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students to nurse and no soft pedagogy to practise. There are no parades to march in, no voting to do on scholarships to deserving athletes or on honorary degrees to undeserving politicians, no petitions for changes in students' programmes, and no obscene student publications to suppress. The teachers in the summer session are annoyed neither by freshmen week nor weak freshmen, nor by sentimentalists who so often enjoy themselves by weeping over the erring ones. And both students and teachers in the summer session are free also from those stupid institutional loyalties which sometimes betray trustees, presidents and faculty, students and alumni, and inordinately proud patrons of many American colleges and universities into the dangerous and practical fallacies of looking upon their particular institutions as ends in themselves. It is very fortunate, therefore, for students, faculty, the public, and particularly for the cause of education that the summer session lacks the usual academic traditions and other combinations in restraint of education. For if it had traditions, they would very likely be bad.

Contrary to a common notion, the work of the summer session is highly creditable. The courses generally correspond strictly in standard to those given during the regular academic terms. Besides being substantial they are placed more nearly upon an adult level, are open to any student who feels or thinks he can profit by them, and are so conducted as to attract hosts of men and women and to provide for them opportunities which they could never know as well by any other means. By appeal to their curiosity, ambition, and hopefulness this serious and sustained but fraternal and enthusiastic effort enriches their lives, inspires in them the habit of study with a purpose, and makes for itself in the educational world a place as distinctive as it is honorable. The teachers are the best that the institution can recruit from its own staff and from sister universities. Some of them are engaged from one to two years in advance. And as in the case of insurance agents or morticians in Rotary International, summer session instructors profit most who serve best. Nowhere are the really competent, skilful, and sympathetic ones more fully appreciated by really discriminating students; and nowhere are the incompetent, unskilful, and unsympathetic instructors so certainly shunned as in the summer session, no matter how methodically correct their materials and methods. Presumably the summer-school student had enough of the latter kind of teachers in required, dogmatic, and sterile courses back in dear old alma mater in his callow and indifferent days even when another paid his fees. But conditions are different now. The courses are generally elective and the student is paying his own way, and he looks cautiously for what he wants or thinks he wants, seeks out the spirited and inspiring, the genial and flavorsome teachers, and on these he generally places his bets. The teacher who is myopic and faltering finds himself lonelier in a first-class summer session than a college widow beyond the draft age at a débutante ball.

The largest and best summer sessions afford both students and instructors unusual opportunities for congenial social life and wholesome recreation. They make careful provision for numerous special lectures, important exhibits, orchestral and choral concerts, lecture recitals on music, symphony and band concerts, violin and piano recitals, and community song meetings, which are interspersed throughout the afternoon

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and evening and generally open to all who will attend, without money and without price. Excursions, planned so as to be made at a minimum of time and expense and with a maximum of pleasure and profit, are intelligently conducted to places of historic, literary, and general interest near by. Sightseeing has become a regular part of summer-session offerings. Students at Harvard find close at hand libraries and museums, the homes of Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, and the site of the Washington elm, and are guided to such historic spots as Old Boston, Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, Plymouth, Marblehead, and Salem. Students who are so fortunate as to find themselves on the Midway Plaisance, where the refreshing lake breeze is said by the catalogue to alleviate the hottest days, are directed to Chicago's famous art galleries and museums, music festivals, lovely parks with beautiful lagoons, drives along the north shore, and to the stock-yards where so many pigs daily give up their lives for the good of the community. And as they visit these and numerous other places of interest they may at any moment witness a thrilling flesh-and-blood hold-up.

Those who spend the summer out in Berkeley, directly opposite the Golden Gate, where the prevailing summer wind is from the southwest off the Pacific, and where the climate is said to be of great uniformity and exceptionally well suited for university study, will also find diversion aplenty, as did nearly five thousand students in the summer of 1929 from sixteen foreign countries, every American State except Rhode Island, and every county in California except Alpine. And those who register in New York University or Columbia have opportunity to see the skyscrapers and the Statue of Liberty and to visit the Hall of Fame, Jumel Mansion, the New York Stock Exchange, Ellis Island, St. Patrick's, St. John the Divine, Temple Emanu-El, and Coney Island. Last summer Columbia's officially conducted excursions attracted twelve thousand participants who crowded to these and other places, flocked to theatres and concerts, and filled the churches on Sunday. Some of them, in seeing the sights, may sometimes fail to observe all the rigid conventions, but their enthusiasm is always polite. One Sunday last summer when a cathedral in New York was unusually crowded, two students could be seen sitting innocently in the bishop's chair of state.

Whether it is in Boston, Chicago, New York, Berkeley, Ithaca, Ann Arbor, Madison, Seattle, Columbus, Nashville, or Charlottesville, the first-class summer session is more or less ecumenical and catholic in its nature, appeal, and influence. It has no national, sectional, or local prejudices, peculiarities, or attachments. From everywhere it draws for its faculty and students men and women keenly interested and highly expert in a wide variety of scientific, literary, and educational fields. They meet and make for themselves informal but valuable contacts in dormitories, in dining-rooms, in faculty clubs, and on the campus where, as in the lecture-rooms, laboratories, and libraries, that democracy of learning and of scholarship is encouraged which knows no geography and is never at home with shameful isolation and provincialism. Conspicuously in evidence are a unifying spirit and a broadening force against which sectional passion and distrust can never prevail. Students from every section of the country will be found in the summer session but, in the words of the witty O. Henry, "No North, no South, not much East, and

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damned little West to speak of." The summer session is a real educational cosmopolite.

Columbia, which conducts the largest of all the summer sessions, last year enrolled 14,000 students for six weeks on the Heights of Morningside. For most of them the experience in reality probably marked the dawn of a new day. They came from every American State, from the insular and non-contiguous Territories, and from forty-four foreign countries. More than half came from the North Atlantic States, about nineteen per cent from the North Central States, fourteen per cent from the South Atlantic States, approximately nine per cent from the South Central States, nearly three per cent from the Western States (with 153 from California and forty-three from Washington), and the remainder from foreign countries, Alaska, the Canal Zone, and the islands of the sea. Thirty per cent were men and the remainder naturally belonged to the contrary sex. Fifty-five per cent had been registered in Columbia previously. Sixty-eight per cent were teachers in secondary schools, elementary schools, and in the higher institutions of learning where many weary ones are believed to rest. The teaching staff for this large army of students numbered 759, of whom 339 were visiting professors from leading universities in the United States and Europe.

A grand total of 1,009 courses, scheduled from 7.30 A. M. (Daylight Saving Time) throughout the day, were offered in eighty-five different subjects. They ranged from one each in astronomy, bacteriology, Biblical literature, bookkeeping, business English, cancer research, household chemistry, house management, penmanship, public health, real estate, Slavonic, to twelve courses in architecture, forty-two in chemistry, fourteen in clothing, thirteen in cookery, ten in economics, forty-six in English, forty in fine arts, twenty-nine in French, ten in German, five in Greek, twenty-three in history, seven in Italian, seventeen in Latin, fifteen in law, thirty-one in library service, thirteen in mathematics, sixty-five in music, forty-three in physical education, seventeen in physics, fifteen in psychology, fifteen in Spanish, four in stenography, two in typewriting, and 322 courses in teacher-training work, or education, as it is generally known.

Inasmuch as most summer session students are engaged in teaching it is natural that most of those who attend Columbia should register in Teachers College, which is recognized as the most distinguished institution in the world for the professional training of teachers. Its faculty contains a considerable company of the most eminent scholars and teachers ever assembled in any similar institution, and its name, which for more than three decades has been guided by an almost brilliant leadership, is favorably and affectionately known throughout the world; and back to it leads the trail of almost every educational reform witnessed in the United States during that time. Every summer Teachers College exhibits the latest fashions in pedagogy and school administration through courses wide enough in range to meet the desires and needs of the most fastidious school-teacher or manager, from the principal of the one-teacher school in the most isolated county in Nebraska to the president of the most eminent university.

Here you may study the emotional life of young children or the best methods of investing the endowment funds of colleges and universities; the rôle of education in Java or Russia or music in men-

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tal and social therapy; how to make a curriculum or a junior high school newspaper; how to organize and manage a school library or fabricate a scale for the measurement of the personality of college students; how to build and equip a schoolhouse or advise adolescent boys and girls concerning the proper way to behave at parties and dances; how to acquire good form in teaching school or in leading girl scouts; how to decorate a home, design a costume, or market or cook food. There are courses in swimming for women or men, in tumbling, in pyramiding, in stunting, in clogging, in jigging, and in the prevention of postural defects—and credit for the successful mastery of these and scores of other courses may be counted toward the degree of Bachelor of Science, Master of Arts, or Doctor of Philosophy, subject to the established regulations of the institution. And scientists, artists, and philosophers many do become.

The origin of the summer school, which has brought such opportunities to so many people, is too familiar to require recounting here. But since its beginning by Louis Agassiz at Harvard and Lewis Miller and John Vincent at Chautauqua Lake a half-century or more ago, the development of the summer session has been rapid. In recent years its popularity has been increased in part because the practical-mindedness of the American people has come to abhor the idleness of immense educational plants which the traditions of the old academic year so long enforced, and in part also by increased leisure which people of intellectual interests have sought to use for their personal improvement. These two influences have forced the colleges and universities to recognize the need and to provide opportunity for professional study in vacation time. More than six hundred of these higher educational institutions last year enrolled nearly one-third of the million American schoolteachers, principals, supervisors, and administrative officers, who yearned for vacation opportunity "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

The reports that the summer session is an unorthodox and jerry-built makeshift and suffers from weaknesses that the regular academic periods are not called upon to bear, are the weak inventions of education snobs and sluggards, and the reporters should be had up. For like Boston and Chautauqua the summer session has become almost a state of mind. Agassiz, Miller, and Vincent, the founders of this remarkable institution, knew their Proverbs.

The Hills

By Arthur Davison Ficke

For men grown sick of noise
and stress
The ancient hilltops wait,
As calm and as ambiguous
As mortal fate.

Here in the spacious airs of
Spring
Men walk the heights, and find
As in a mirror what they bring—
If not too blind.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In 1616, Ben Jonson stirred the echoes in the Bohemian purlieus of London by publishing a fat folio, called "The Workes of Benjamin Jonson." Very few in those spacious times considered plays as literature, though they happened to be the greatest literature the world had ever seen. For an author to edit and print his own plays was sufficient cause for ironical mirth; but to call them "Workes," well, everybody laughed; yet if Ben were here to-day, he would laugh last.

Even in our time, not every living author would allow the publishers to collect his writings in an uniform edition and call them *Works*. Innumerable men and women and children now write books, but only the select few write Works. One of many indications that the drama has reached its highest elevation since the days of Shakespeare, is the fact that no one would dream of objecting to the collected plays of Barrie or Shaw or Galsworthy being called Works. All of which is prefatory to the announcement that a new and limited and beautiful edition of the Complete Works of J. M. Barrie—stories, sketches, plays—is in process of publication, and that there is no better time to secure a set than immediately after reading this sentence. There are two things to say about the Works of Barrie—they seem destined to endure, and they always seem better on rereading. He is the Genius of the Unexpected; it is impossible to guess what the next speech or the next sentence will be, but when it salutes our astonished eyes or ears, we know that it is inevitable and unimprovable. It is perhaps strange that he should so often be called sentimental, when so many of his works are profoundly tragic. His humor is like the laughter of Shakespeare, which Carlyle called sunshine on the deep sea.

I am in my winter home, an excellent hotel in Augusta, Georgia, for the Christmas vacation, playing golf with Doctor Francis Carter Wood, and other persons also distinguished for almost anything except golf. It is not only the paying guests of the hotel who represent culture. Coming down rather early one morning, I was "intrigued" (detestable word) by a large book the night clerk was reading. It proved to be "L'Education Sentimentale" by Flaubert. Somewhat astonished, though endeavoring not to show it, I asked him how he liked it. "Well," he said, "of course it is not the author's best work." I made a banal allusion to "Madame Bovary." "Oh, no," he said, "my favorite is 'Salammbô.'" This time I made no attempt to conceal my amazement. Many years ago I vainly attempted to read that work, and although its historical period has always fascinated me, I supposed that "Salammbô" was one of those enormously respectable failures of literature, of which "Sordello" is perhaps the most conspicuous example. Now, inspired by the hotel clerk, I am going to make a frontal attack on the Carthaginians.

I was talking with some friends one day about Tiltman's new "Life of Ram-

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say MacDonald," and of how agreeable was my disappointment. For I had supposed it would be a typical "campaign" life, since it had appeared at the opportune moment, and most opportune things smell of mortality. On the contrary, it is an admirable, carefully written, and well-documented book. I went on to say that on the shelves of my library in Michigan stood a Campaign Life of James A. Garfield, published in 1880. I had never read it and had no intention of reading it. Whereupon a lady in the company said that she had been travelling during the past summer in Scandinavia. That she had spent the night in a lonely hut far up on the slope of a mountain. That among the books in that hut was only one in the English language. That the one book was the Campaign Life of James A. Garfield, published in 1880.

In the year 1894—a great year in novels—appeared the ravishing "Prisoner of Zenda." We have had to wait a long time before receiving anything comparable, but to all the millions who have enjoyed Anthony Hope's romance I boldly recommend "Blood Royal," by Dornford Yates. It is a curvetting, high-stepping, thoroughbred story, to which I made an unconditional surrender. Love and fighting and politics—what more do you want? Why, even on a train from Jacksonville to New Orleans, where the locomotive makes a house-to-house canvass, you would notice nothing and feel nothing actual; you would be not far from Salzburg, with two gallant Englishmen and a lovely lady.

The two chief characteristics of contemporary books are biographies and detective stories, and in the former class the author is the detective. Professor Wilbur Cross, who knows more about Fielding than any other man except Fielding and more about Sterne than any other man (yes, and woman) except Sterne, has just issued the third (completely revised) edition of his admirable work, "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne." He has found out some more things about that puzzling parson, and in his witty Preface he pays his respects to those writers who have stolen unblushingly from his previously published researches. It is quite true that no one either now or in the future can write accurately about Sterne without consulting Cross; but common honesty requires that they should mention it.

Thomas Beer, the accomplished novelist and biographer of Stephen Crane, gives us in "Hanna" an admirable portrait of that American man of affairs. I will not say that I have a sneaking admiration for Hanna; I have now, as I always have had since 1896, an ardent and outspoken admiration for him. Despite my friend Vachel Lindsay's scorn, as displayed in his striking poem, "Bryan," I believe Hanna was one of the most useful men of his generation and that his death was an unspeakable calamity. He was unique in his ability to deal with the representatives of capital and labor. He understood the attitude of the leaders of both sides, could talk with them without arousing their antagonism; because his shrewd penetrating mind was accompanied with a big heart. He possessed extraordinary tact, so extraordinary that he could sit down in a group of day-laborers and converse freely without showing the slightest taint of condescension. Furthermore, in the campaign of 1896, the only Presidential campaign between 1864 and 1930 that had a real issue, his was the Mastermind. Mr. Beer has given us an intimate portrait; and although he has an almost unequalled power of mor-

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dant irony, he reserves it not for his subject, but for others. It must surprise many to see one of the most accomplished of living American writers employing his art on a man whose conventional and most familiar portrait was the dollar sign.

When I shook hands with President Grant at Saratoga, I supposed he was the greatest general of the Civil War. Later I learned that there was only one great general in the Civil War, and his name was Robert E. Lee. This I believed—without question—for about fifty years. Then, a short time ago, a book came out by an English expert, stating that Stonewall Jackson, whom I had thought remarkable chiefly for stubborn courage, was the real military genius and tactician of our Civil War. And now appear simultaneously two works—both by Englishmen—one, which declares Grant to be the greatest genius of all, and the other, by the military expert of the London *Times,* Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, elevating Sherman to that eminence. It is parenthetically interesting to see the British historians so deeply concerned with the battles of that war; it has been a commonplace to say that Englishmen are totally ignorant of American geography; but some of them, judging by their maps, must know it better than the average native. Captain Hart, whose books, "A Greater than Napoleon" and "Reputations Ten Years After," I have devoured with relish, calls his new biography "Sherman—Soldier, Realist, American." It is steadily interesting and in places thrilling. This afternoon on the golf links in Augusta I shall endeavor with my mashie to o'erleap the obstruction that protects the sixteenth green. That obstruction is the fort built by the people of Augusta when it was believed that Sherman and his men would pass this way, but they swerved aside. Incidentally, it is more effective in preventing the flight of golf balls to the green than it could have been in the stopping of cannonballs.

During the famous march to the sea, which we in the North sang of so enthusiastically for many years, the people in Georgia regarded Sherman and his troops even as the Belgians and Frenchmen regarded the German army in 1914.

Captain Hart's account of Sherman's measures and his deliberate reasons for them are interesting. War is not a sportsmanlike game; it is legally organized arson, robbery, cheating, lying, and murder. It is vain to attempt to improve war. Until it is abolished, the only "improvements" made in war will be in increased powers of torture, ravage, and slaughter. Sherman was a "realist."

This is the best book Captain Hart has written, which is saying a great deal. I think it should be remembered to the everlasting credit of Sherman that he absolutely refused political office. Military men as a rule make ineffective statesmen; and political office should never be given—as it so often is—as a reward for some other kind of service, whether military or financial.

Harry Salpeter has written a charming biography, "Doctor Johnson and Mr. Boswell." How enormously more interesting those two men seem to-day than they did thirty years ago! Johnson has always been an interesting personality to book-lovers; but now the man in the street takes the same interest in Johnson and in Boswell that he does in Jack Dempsey and in Mussolini. The sudden rise in all biographical stocks coupled with the new discoveries in Boswell

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manuscripts have put Johnson and his friend right on the carpet. Every month a new book on them appears and one of the most readable is this. Mr. Salpeter commands an attractive style, lively, without descending into the distressing slang so common in American books. (Only the other day I saw in a leading American review the statement that there was a great deal of "boloney" in the book discussed.) Many people cannot be emphatic without being profane; cannot be amusing without being obscene; cannot write informally without being cheap. The bitter fact is that the reports of tennis, cricket, and golf matches in the London papers are written with more dignity than the average review of a new book or a new play in American papers; and the London reports are much more exciting.

Well, I recommend Mr. Salpeter's book because it is worth recommending.

"Portraits and Reflections," by Mr. Hodgson of London, is a series of brief vivacious sketches of living English statesmen, authors, and other men and women of intellectual prominence. The chapter on Lady Astor will appeal especially to Americans; there are excellent portraits of Lord Birkenhead and Winston Churchill; and I was especially pleased to see sketches of two friends of mine, Mr. Leon M. Lion, the actor-manager, and Professor T. R. Glover, the scholarly Baptist Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, whose new book "The Influence of Christ in the Ancient World" says a great deal in a few pages.

I had the honor of preaching in the New York Community Church one day in December, in the absence of the pastor, Doctor John Haynes Holmes; and as I hurried from the church (for preaching puts me into a more copious sweat than tennis), I heard my name called out behind my back; and turning around, I saw Francis Wilson, who, despite his seventy-five years, was skipping along the pavement of Park Avenue like a springbok or hartebeest, indeed being apparently as agile as he was in 1887 as the second Thief in "Erminie." This time, however, he came not to rob, but to bestow; and I am pleased and proud to have an autographed copy of "John Wilkes Booth," by Francis Wilson. It is fitting that a man who has one of the best private libraries in the United States should add to it one of his own compositions. This biography of Lincoln's murderer, copiously illustrated, contains many facts quite new to me; I did not know that Booth's original plan was to abduct, and not to hurt or kill the President; I did not know that he shouted "Sic Semper Tyrannis" *before* jumping to the stage, instead of after. The whole story of his life and strange personality is as dramatic as anything he acted. An unbalanced mind fearfully stimulated by almost incredible drinking turned a charming gentleman into a maniac. Mr. Wilson's long and intimate friendship with *Edwin* Booth has enabled him to give us much valuable information.

A brief biography, full of personal reminiscences, is "Walt Whitman," by Harrison S. Morris. Even Whitman, who certainly never lacked self-appreciation or confidence, could hardly have foreseen the tremendous prestige his name would carry in 1930. I am glad that two of his idolaters, John Burroughs and Horace Traubel, lived long enough to see the full sunrise. This book is dedicated, as it ought to be, to Horace Traubel, Whitman's most faithful friend and follower. I knew Traubel pretty well;

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never was there a man who so constantly and unhesitatingly put his convictions first, and his comfort second, a very bad second.

In this age of biography, the Brownings are not being neglected; in addition to two very recent books, "The Brownings," by David Loth the American, and by Osbert Burdett the Englishman, we have now "Andromeda in Wimpole Street," by D. Creston, another account of the greatest love story in history; and an extraordinarily valuable collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," edited by Leonard Huxley. These will delight Browning students; for the letters are all written to Elizabeth's sister; they begin right after the marriage; they show how amazingly happy she was; and they prove that while Browning was a great poet, he was the greatest *husband* in the history of mankind. Those who believe that married life is an art worth cultivating might learn something from Browning. *He never took his wife for granted.* Every day therefore it seemed more wonderful to have her *there* and every day added to her wonder and delight.

This new collection of Letters will be interesting to all those on the waiting list of the *Fano Club*. I knew that Mr. and Mrs. Browning visited Fano in the summer of 1848, and that there, in the church of San Agostino, they happened to find the marvellous painting by Guercino, called The Guardian Angel. When they reached Ancona, Browning wrote the great poem that made the picture famous, and eventually, on Easter Day, 1912, led to the founding of the FANO CLUB. What I have always wanted to know was how they travelled from Florence to Fano; and a letter in this new volume gives me the desired information. Here is an extract from a letter written to her sister Henrietta by Mrs. Browning, dated Florence, July 17, 1848.

. . . I write at noon on Monday—and at seven we are off to Fano on the Adriatic—look out for it on the map. We have taken the coupé of the diligence to Arezzo, shall travel all night for the coolness and the moon lightness and the delightfulness, (I have persuaded Robert into the night-work, because really the sun is past bearing) arrive at Arezzo at five in the morning, go to bed and take a complete rest, and continue our journey—we don't exactly know how (by the diligence if possible) through Urbino to Fano, along the great Apennine Road which is said to be magnificent. We mean to try to get into some sort of nest at Fano. The mountain air and sea will do us infinite good. We leave our rooms under the care of the porter—and shall come back sooner or later just as we care to stay or return.

And now we see how cruelly they were disappointed in Fano. They did not get what they went for, but they got something better, an inspiration from an unknown picture which produced one of the finest poems in English literature, and was the cause of the founding in the next century of the exclusive and world-famous FANO CLUB. Here is a letter from Mrs. Browning to Miss Mitford, which appeared some twenty years ago in the collection edited by F. G. Kenyon. It was written from Florence, August 24, 1848.

. . . As for ourselves, we have scarcely done so well, yet well; having enjoyed a great deal in spite of drawbacks. Murray, the traitor, sent us to Fano as a 'delightful summer residence for an English family,' and we found it uninhabitable from the heat, vegetation scorched with paleness, the very air swooning in the sun, and the gloomy looks of the inhabitants sufficiently corroborative of their words, that no drop of rain or dew ever falls there during the summer. A 'circulating library' 'which doesn't give out books,' and 'a refined and intellectual Italian society' (I quote Murray for that phrase which 'never reads a book

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through' (I quote Mrs. Wiseman, Dr. Wiseman's mother, who has lived in Fano seven years), complete the advantages of the place, yet the churches are beautiful, and a divine picture of Guercino's is worth going all that way to see. By a happy accident we fell in with Mrs. Wiseman, who, having married her daughter to Count Gabrielli with ancestral possessions in Fano, has lived on there from year to year, in a state of permanent moaning as far as I could apprehend. She is a very intelligent and vivacious person, and having been used to the best French society, bears but ill this exile from the common civilities of life. I wish Dr. Wiseman, of whose childhood and manhood she spoke with touching pride, would ask her to minister to the domestic rites of his bishop's palace in Westminster; there would be no hesitation, I fancy, in her acceptance of the invitation. Agreeable as she and her daughter were, however, we fled from Fano after three days, and, finding ourselves cheated out of our dream of summer coolness, resolved on substituting for it what the Italians call 'un bel giro.' So we went to Ancona, a striking sea city, holding up against the brown rocks and elbowing out the purple tides, beautiful to look upon. An exfoliation of the rock itself, you would call the houses that seem to grow there, so identical is the colour and character. I should like to visit Ancona again when there is a little air and shadow; we stayed a week as it was, living upon fish and cold water. Water, water, was the cry all day long, and really you should have seen me (or you should not have seen me) lying on the sofa, and demoralized out of all sense of female vanity, not to say decency, with dishevelled hair at full length, and "sans gown, sans stays, sans shoes, sans everything,' except a petticoat and white dressing wrapper. I said something feebly once about the waiter; but I don't think I meant it for earnest, for when Robert said, 'Oh, don't mind, dear,' certainly I didn't mind in the least. People *don't,* I suppose, when they are in ovens, or in exhausted receivers. Never before did I guess what heat was—that's sure. We went to Loreto for a day, back through Ancona, Sinigaglia (oh, I forgot to tell you, there was no fair this year at Sinigaglia; Italy will be content, I suppose, with selling her honour), Fano, Pesaro, Rimini to Ravenna, back again over the Apennines from Forli.

A notable addition to the FANO CLUB is Miss Annie Jennings, of Sunnie-Holme, Fairfield, Conn. She lives in so lovely a place that she must be almost as glad to return home from Fano, as was Mrs. Browning.

I. S. C. of New Haven, Conn., informs me that "In the Parish Registry of Cheddar, England, there is an entry, dated 1621, which relates of the payment for the heads of polecats, sparrows, crows, magpies, choughs, and jays at the rate of a penny each." Blue jays are so beautiful that many do not realize that they belong to the same family as the crows, and that they are cruel murderers. Nature adorns her bandits—hawks, owls, jays, etc., with ironically gorgeous uniforms.

I have seen recently some discussion as to the pronunciation of the word "chough," a bird mentioned in Shakespeare. It is of course "chuff." But there seems to be wide-spread difference of opinion as to "sough." It is often pronounced "sow" but it should be "suff" to correspond to its sound. The proper name "Clough" may be either way; the famous poet was "Cluff" but lesser men with the same name have called it "Clow."

Isabella Essex Bosworth, of Bristol, R. I., writes:

Last night I read your column in the Dec. SCRIBNER'S, and was interested in the quotation from Mrs. Marion S. Irvin on page 599. If you will pardon me, I would like to say that I noticed those two sentences also, and felt as Mrs. Irvin did, but did not feel competent to write in about the usage. So last night I looked up an old rhetoric that I used in school, to see if I could find the rule which I felt sure was there, for the use of the possessive in that construction.

The last of the preface reads,—"The author extends her thanks to . . . and to Prof. T. S.

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Lounsbury of Yale University for invaluable assistance in the critical revision of the manuscript.

S. E. H. Lockwood.

New Haven, Conn. November 1887.

Now you probably know all these people and the book as well. Of course 1887 is a long time ago and usages change, but on page 121 Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Lockwood has:—

"POSSESSIVE CASE BEFORE A PARTICIPLE.

"The possessive case of the noun should precede the participle, where the noun represents the active agent."

Doesn't it seem as if she should say there:—"present participle"? And doesn't the rule in Lockwood seem a simpler way of expressing it than Mrs. Irvin's erudite phraseology, as the "gerund" with some people might equal x?

May I call your attention to the enclosed clipping from the New London *Day* about a cat, which I feel will be of interest to you? You saw fit to quote in your column, something that I wrote you about a cross-eyed cat, and it brought an avalanche of correspondence down on me, presidents of animal rescue leagues wrote me, and I reaped a harvest of snapshots of pet cats, and three new correspondents were added to my list, & I already have too many to handle. I am not sure that I am wholly grateful to you.

BLACK CAT TURNS WHITE, FRIGHT IN SHIPWRECK CAUSE

London, Dec. 16 (AP)—A black cat that had turned white from fright, according to the crew of the Lowestoft fishing vessel *Gladys,* was among the survivors of the boat landed at Grimsby today after being rescued during the recent terrible storms in the channel and North Sea.

The crew abandoned the *Gladys* off the German coast Friday, and their mascot shared all their terrifying experiences.

Their story of the cat's color transformation found credence with the superintendent of the London People's dispensary for sick animals.

Let us add to our collection of newspaper headlines:

JUDGE ABSOLVES ST. PETER ON GAG CHARGE

H. C. Force of Seattle, Wash., writes me:

The explanation is that Joseph A. St. Peter is the Superintendent of the State Reformatory and it was charged that he had attempted to prevent a witness from testifying in a criminal trial but upon his explanation the Judge exonerated him.

Edith O'Dell, the accomplished Editor of *The Golden Book,* sends an interesting letter:

In Scribner's of June 1928 you commented favorably on a story entitled "The End of All"—"It graphically described the coming of a mighty and steady wind, which rose to such velocity that it wiped out the earth, 'Chicago was cut off at four o'clock.'" You inquired if anyone knew the name of the author. In the July issue of Scribner's of the same year in your department you quoted a letter from James O. D. Duffey, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* describing this story further and stating that it was written by "Nym Crinkle," whose real name was A. C. Wheeler. At that time you suggested that it should be reprinted in the *GOLDEN BOOK.*

I have been trying off and on most of this year to locate the story. We found that Mr. Wheeler was dead, that his widow was very sick and at a distance from her home where she might be able to locate a copy of the story. It arrived only last week, and is quite as interesting as you remembered it to be.

The printed copy Mrs. Wheeler has sent us is yellow with age and falling apart. She values it highly and has asked us to let her have it back by registered mail as soon as possible. We are therefore having the story typed before sending it to the printer.

Arthur C. Burnett, a fellow Rotarian of San Antonio, Texas, becomes a member of the Faery Queene Club, having recently read the entire work. And here comes a magnificent reinforcement from Goucher College, Baltimore. Professor Robert B. Sharpe writes:

I wish to nominate for the Faerie Queene

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Club the following members of the graduate course in Spenser I had the fun of giving last summer at Indiana State College, Terre Haute, Indiana: Mrs. Florence G. Connerley, Miss Catherine Greenlee, Miss Charlotte E. Harris, Mrs. Clara A. Reece, Miss Kathleen Ressler. In order to cover the whole poem in five weeks we had to apportion the last three books, but these members report that they enjoyed going on independently the rest of the way. I have read The Faerie Queene myself under Neil Dodge at Wisconsin and Tucker Brooke at Yale; and if I have any ability at helping students to interest themselves in Spenser, I owe it to the quiet enthusiasm of two great teachers. But for the achievement of the candidates whom I have just named, most of the credit must certainly go to Edmund Spenser and "As I Like It."

Some time ago I had occasion to inquire of a banker concerning the accumulation of interest on a deposit; I was answered accurately and courteously, and in addition received the following information, with an excellent snapper.

An interesting example of compound interest came to our attention a short time ago, when a Government employe had figured that if Methuselah had deposited $1.00 in a Savings Bank when he was twenty-one years of age, it would have amounted to $977,157,900,000,000,000,000,000 when he died. I do not believe anyone but a Government employe would have time to do so much figuring.

It is curious how easily one may forget some of the contents of a favorite book. One of my favorite books is Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," though I confess I have not opened it for several years. The result is that when the Bay Port gentleman told me last summer what he had heard from two High School girls in that town, it came to me as something new and strange. I am properly set right by Professor Paul H. Roth of Northwestern Lutheran Theological Seminary, Minneapolis, as follows:

Aliquando dormitat et bonus Homerus. I refer to your December SCRIBNER'S . . . "As I Like It." The Bay Port, Mich., high school girls were long anticipated by "a little girl." See Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," Chapter V, "The Flag of the World," p. 119. "An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet."

I am ashamed; but I am deeply grateful to Professor Roth.

With reference to the third stanza of Goethe's lyric "Röslein," and my statement that what I had always sung as "ihm" I had found in one text printed "ihr," I have received many letters from all over the country. Professor Schreiber has written to Weimar to see if he can get some kind of a final ruling. Of course I am quite aware that "ihm" itself might refer to the girl. It should be a matter of enormous interest to anthropologists that so many girls in Germany are neuter until they are married.

John H. Protheroe of Rustburg, Va., writes:

I am not going to read the two volume biography of Tim Healy, but I wonder if it contains his magnificent home-run against his saturnine, hard-boiled enemy, Carson. They were opposing counsel. Says Tim Healy, "The woes of his client have been such as to cause even his counsel to weep—surely the most astounding phenomenon since Moses struck the rock!" As the reporters say, it was several minutes before order could be restored.

Relying on what I thought was authentic information, I gave some biographical information in the October number concerning David Alec Wilson, the author of the magnificent biography of Carlyle, still in process of publication. Judge Wilson writes me from his home in Ayr, Scotland, November 17:

With reference to your article "As I Like It" in October SCRIBNER'S, and in particular p. 442, it may interest you to know I was born in Glasgow on 1st January, *1864*, so that I am now nearer 70 than 60, but hopeful of seeing my last volume of the Carlyle come out in 1931.

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In Burma more than 20 years and employed in the Indian Civil Service from 1883 to 1912, my employment was judicial, first as a magistrate and then as a judge, and I have often quoted the last remark to me of the Chief Judge, Sir Charles Fox, when he came down to the jetty to shake hands as I was leaving for good,—"It came into my head to tell you, and I made the Registrar verify the fact two or three days ago, as I thought it might interest you if it was true,—that you have sent far more men to be hanged than any judge that ever was in Burma."

I answered and he at once agreed that there had never been the smallest dispute about the facts in any case. "It was all in the day's work," we agreed. My employment in Burma had coincided with the last war and the final conquest of Burma and some years of violent crime, *i. e.* gang robbery and murder. I believed in and practised the rule of the Bible, that "the murderer shall surely be put to death." Or as Shakespeare says, "Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill." The law in India fixed the responsibility upon the judge of deciding whether the sentence for murder should be in any case death or penal servitude for life. There was then a fashion of being sentimental towards murderers, but I had never heeded it.

The only white people that went to Burma in a high-minded way for the good of the people, who are brown Mongolians with many good qualities, were the missionaries, mainly the American Baptists, some of whom, especially ladies, were by their lives sheer incarnations of Christianity. My best friend in Burma was one of them.

I am happy to see a man of Judge Wilson's scrupulous accuracy give so splendid a tribute to the missionaries in Burma. As soon as I received his letter, I sent him a copy of "Splendor of God," the brilliant novel of Adoniram Judson's missionary career in Burma, written by Honoré Willsie Morrow.

Trees, the subject of a famous poem, are curious in many ways, and in some aspects unique. When the season of warm weather begins, they put on clothes. When the summer heat sets in regularly, they put on the thickest clothes obtainable. When the season becomes cooler, they begin to remove their clothes. And when the bitter cold of winter arrives, they take off all their clothes.

A great many of our contemporary writers do not believe in any God—but how they do hate Him!

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Incidents of the Winter Season in New York

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

I WRITE at the turn of the year, when the art season in New York has run half its course, and as usual I summarize here the impressions it has left. They are sufficiently diversified but there is one which refers me to a singular phenomenon. That is the extent to which modernism has lodged itself in the policy of the dealers. They have taken over the boom which has been so skilfully developed in Paris by Vollard, Bernheim, Rosenberg and the rest, and show after show has brought the subject into the foreground. I recall one at Kraushaar's, one at Reinhardt's, one at the Newhouse Gallery, and more than one arranged by M. De Hauke at Seligmann's. Some of these have sought to establish a kind of equilibrium between the old and the new, the conservative and the radical. Mr. Kraushaar displayed along with his examples of men like Matisse and Soutine a number of beautiful drawings by Ingres. M. De Hauke brought in Degas and Berthe Morisot to be, for the nonce, companions of Picasso and Dufy. But I am thinking less to-day of the characteristics of any specific exhibition than of the broadly modernistic drift which several of them, taken together, have indicated. I am chiefly interested in the question which they raise as to how far the movement has justified itself to date. There is a point of view, I know, from which the mere organization of these exhibitions is taken as giving a highly flattering answer. What do all these episodes mean, we are asked, if not that modernism has come to stay? For my own part I am still doubtful.

For one thing, I am struck by the absence of anything like general progress in the record of the leaders. One or two of them, it is true, show signs of change. Derain has appeared this winter in a new mood, drawing better, evidently "keeping his eye on the object" with more solicitude for the integrity of fact. His heads have been better constructed. His flesh tints have been more persuasive. Dunoyer de Segonzac has shown landscapes in which nature has had a livelier chance than he has always given it in the past. Both men set me to wondering if they have not experienced some half-conscious awakening to the immemorial steadying influence in the older French tradition. But, in the main, modernism remains about where it stood when it started. M. De Hauke had a happy idea for the introduction of his first exhibition. It was announced as one of "30 Years, 30 Paintings, 30 Artists." The period is thus justly suggested. It was about thirty years ago that I received early intimations of modernism in the "manifestoes" that Marinetti used to send me from Milan, proclaiming in "futurismo" a new heaven and a new earth. I remember the exhibition that made much of his demi-gods at Bernheim's, in Paris. I remember all the nas-

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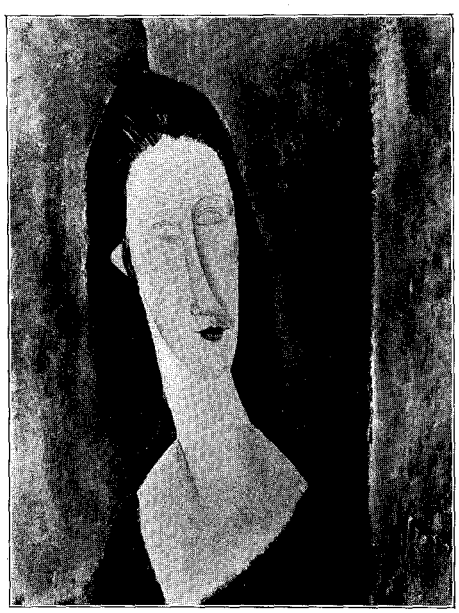
Mother and Child.

From the painting by George De Forest Brush shown at the Grand Central Galleries.



Les Yeux Bleus.

From the painting by Modigliani shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

The Harlequin.

From the painting by Picasso shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.

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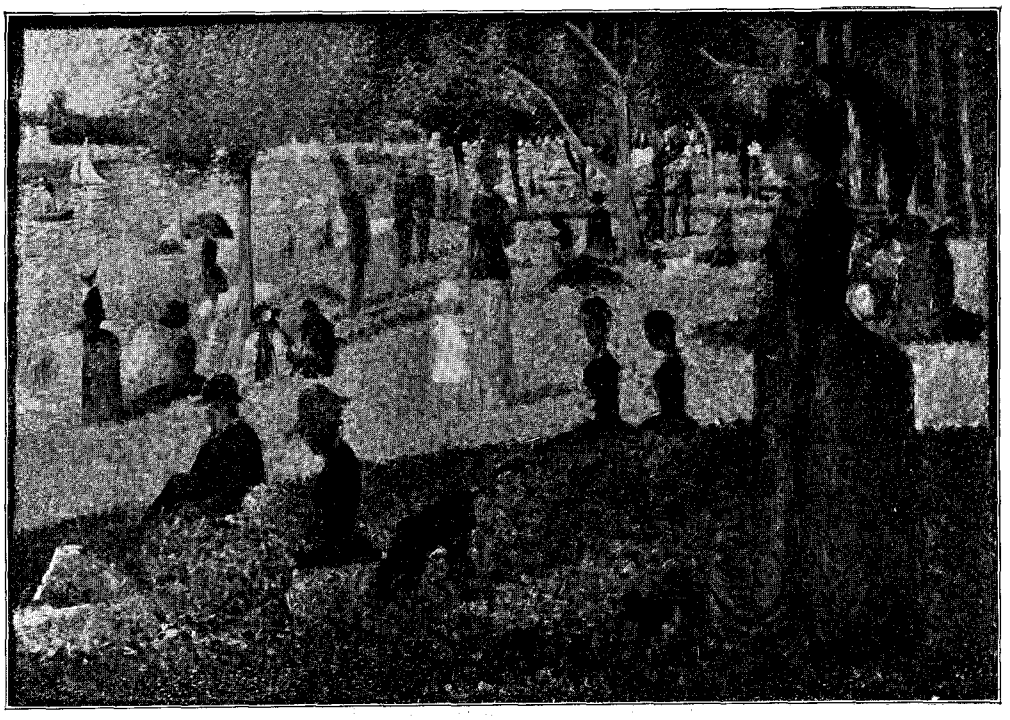
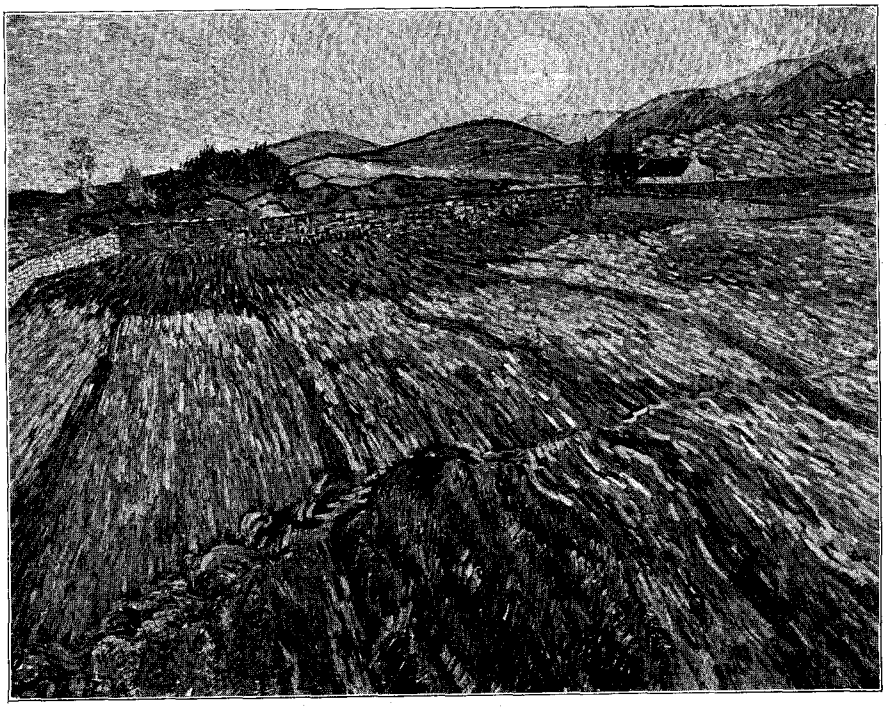


Après-Midi à la Grande Jatte.

From the painting by Seurat at the Museum of Modern Art.



Sunset over Ploughed Field.

From the painting by Van Gogh shown at the Museum of Modern Art.

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The Bathers.

From the painting by Gauguin shown at the Museum of Modern Art.

Dans Les Roses—Portrait de Mme. Clapisson.

From the painting by Renoir shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

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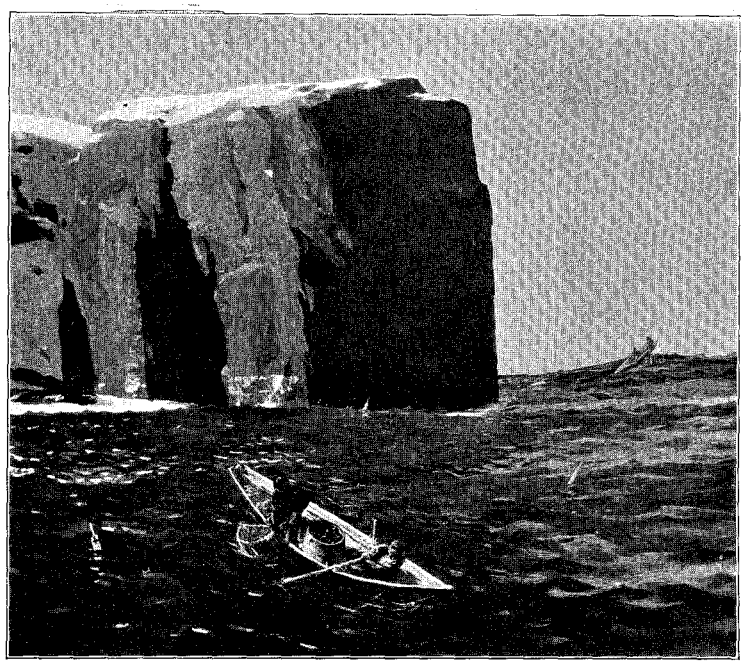

Toilers of the Sea.

From the painting by Rockwell Kent shown at the Museum of Modern Art.

A Clearing in June.

From the painting by Charles H. Davis shown at the Macbeth Gallery.

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cent twistings and turnings in Germany and France. Well, I have followed the thing ever since, and, watchful for signs of growth, have been especially puzzled at the failure of those signs to disclose themselves. Occasionally there seems something like a promise of them. At the Valentine Gallery I saw this winter an exhibition of works by Matisse and there were some flower pieces in it that had not only beauty of color but a hint of feeling, of charm. Yet on the whole Matisse seems to remain one of the most stationary of them all, and Picasso, with his long sequence of "blue periods" and the like, is as far from proving that modernism gets its practitioners anywhere. The latter's "Harlequin," in the Reinhardt show, was indeed a curious performance to affirm the authority of a movement.

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The movement continues sterile, I believe, from a variety of causes. One, to put it rather bluntly, is the want of really compelling leaders, of men of genius having the warrant of creative artists. The other causes embrace an only fitful instinct for truth, an almost fantastical indifference to beauty, and a deplorable neglect of the fundamentals of workmanship. Without these things I fail to see how a school can be floated on the specious hypothesis that it is "of our own time." Suppose it is? There have been arid epochs before this, such as the Victorian and its equivalent across the Channel in the Paris of Napoleon III, when Winterhalter was high in favor in both camps and the true artists had to fight almost to the death to get a hearing. Mediocrity in those days had a stupendous vogue. Modernism is but repeating history. It will some day prove a kind of Victorian "dud," with a difference, obviously, but a "dud" just the same. Meanwhile the subject is confused by the exaggerations of its protagonists. Take, for example, the works of the late Amadeo Modigliani, which M. De Hauke assembled in numerical force. He was a sensitive young draughtsman and had in him possibilities as a colorist which might have been interestingly fulfilled had he lived. But he was given to unfortunate distortions, providing the sitters for his portraits with absurdly elongated throats, slitlike eyes and swerving noses, and to make matters worse he repeated these malformations over and over again until his portraiture suggests the functioning of a thin stencil. Yet we hear ecstatic talk of his rhythmic patterns and he is credited with a spiritual alliance with the Italian Primitives. I would not refer to these dithyrambic eulogies of Modigliani if they were not characteristic of too much in the attitude of many Americans toward modernism at large. Instead of receiving these newcomers with the discrimination, the poise, of a man of the world, we swallow them whole in unthinking acquiescence. The obscurantism which repelled Manet and his fellows was a mild foible compared with the naïveté marking a great deal of latter-day enthusiasm for, say, Picasso or Matisse. It is one thing to grant that they and their colleagues possess a certain interest as contemporaneous phenomena. It is another to acclaim them in words—to use Whistler's phrase—leaving nothing for the National Gallery.

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Modernism, as I have said, has overflowed the scene and an outstanding single event this winter has been unmistakably related to it. I refer to the newly established Museum of Modern Art at which I briefly glanced in a recent number of this magazine. Its first exhibition,

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devoted to Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Seurat, the forerunners of the new movement, proved of decisive interest. As I have previously noted, the Post-Impressionists were never better illustrated in New York. The show contained some representative things, especially some examples of still life by Cézanne, and at least one Van Gogh, "Sunset Over Ploughed Field," which in its rude strength seemed somehow to atone for the crudity of much else by the same man in the same galleries. There was a lesson in this exhibition which I fancy, however, was overlooked by a good many ardent visitors. It was that these pioneers were all sustained to a great extent in their fumblings toward change by a measure of fidelity to the admonitions of tradition. Cézanne, for example, is a type of frustration, a man who never fully mastered his craft and in consequence couldn't fully express what was struggling within his cosmos, but at least he had gropings toward the root of the matter. It was so, likewise, with Van Gogh. I keenly sympathize with Renoir's complaint, that Van Gogh did not "caress" his pigment, but at any rate he had learned in his time the efficacy of good draughtsmanship, as Gauguin had, and Seurat, too. In other words the very pioneers of modernism, with all their limitations, nevertheless rebuke the sloppy workmanship which the modernist so often cultivates as a vehicle for "self-expression." The exhibition to which I allude was distinctly worth while, for it made for thought. So, in other ways, was its immediate successor, one of "Paintings by Nineteen Living Americans." That, too, brought forward some admirable pieces, particularly those by Eugene Speicher, Rockwell Kent, John Sloan, Ernest Lawson, and divers others. But it had its modernistic tincture, recalling the central error of the movement, its rejection of beauty. The new generation, even when it has the grace to look carefully to its technique, is terribly prone to a gray outlook upon life. I suppose it is the fear of mere "prettiness" that is responsible, but emulation of the current Frenchmen has, perhaps, something to do with it also. As I write, the third exhibition at the new Museum is pending. The living Frenchmen, which is to say Matisse and the rest, will again have their innings. It is plain that the motive to which I referred at the outset is to prevail further in the season, that modernism, French modernism, is here having its day in court.

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What of the men who are inalterably faithful to the laws of their craft? Are they, too, having their day in court? Yes, and some of the pleasantest exhibitions to which I have to allude are those bearing a more or less conservative stamp. One of the most important opened early in January at the Grand Central Galleries, a retrospective exhibition of the works of George De Forest Brush, the first comprehensive display of those works ever arranged in his long life. "Old hat" his art will be called by the radical. A beautiful art it will be called by the more open-minded observer. It is true that the rather hard method of his master, Gérôme, is discernible in his earlier productions, especially those dealing with Indian subjects. But as he went on Brush came into possession of a very personal style, made his draughtsmanship more elastic, more subtle, and gave to his work extraordinary distinction. He is superb in portraiture, whether dealing with the single figure or with a group. He has a delicate vein of sentiment, which comes out notably

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in his studies of mothers and their children, but his point of view has remained essentially that of the "painter's painter." He has felt some European influences. "The Portrait," in which an artist sits on the floor at the feet of his family, his pencil in his hand, might have been painted by Terburg or some other little old Dutch master. Sojourns in Italy have affected him, too. But Brush is his own man. I don't know which moves me in him the more, his pure style or his splendid workmanship.

The romanticism of the late Arthur B. Davies has been again put before the public, in a charming exhibition at the Ferargil Gallery of the things left in his studio. It was interesting in itself and as foreshadowing the big memorial exhibition of his works which is scheduled for February at the Metropolitan Museum. I must note in passing the publication of a valuable tribute to Davies, a catalogue of his etchings and lithographs prepared in fulfilment of an old promise to the artist by Fred Newlin Price. It reproduces all the prints and is not only invaluable as a record but as a work redolent of the distinctively poetic atmosphere of Davies. At the Macbeth Gallery there was a remarkable showing of the recent works of Charles H. Davis, a figure possessing unique rank in our school of landscape painting. He, like Brush, was trained abroad, and, again like Brush, developed a deep fund of originality. He is not so much a poet as a realist, a faithful transcriber of fact, but through the force and the charm of his individuality the fact takes on in his art a significance far more than realistic. It is the significance of beauty. Davis "sees beautifully," in respect both to design and color, and his technical ability matches his insight into the magic of nature. His impressions have a racy simplicity and they have, besides, a positive fragrance. No one has surpassed him in the interpretation of purely American motives. His skies are achievements by themselves.

Another deeply interesting landscape painter appeared at the Reinhardt Gallery, Edward Bruce, who has done most of his work in Italy and France but has lately come to establish himself at home. He has exhibited here from time to time and has shown an advance on each occasion. His latest collection revealed a talent under remarkable control. A tendency to simplification, to rhythmic stylization, is supported in him by a sound technique. His landscapes asserted the merit of design. Also they uncovered an Italy recognizable as the painter's own, one departing from sunlit convention, one having an unmistakable Italian character but an accent absolutely Mr. Bruce's. I must mention also, for a kindred reason, the exhibition which one of our foreign visitors, Katharine Kinsella, had at the Wildenstein Gallery. Dedicated to Italian subjects, it threw completely new light upon them and in the process made us acquainted with a delightfully original and capable painter. I would like to traverse here quite a number of the "one-man shows," they so often lift elements of interest well above the horizon, but I may touch upon only one or two more of them. I could not fail to recall the exhibition of mural paintings that Boardman Robinson had at the gallery of the Art Students' League, paintings recounting stages in the development of commerce from the earliest days to our own era. Produced for a Pittsburgh department store they possess characteristics befitting the most monumental of public buildings, strong in design, simple and forceful in color, animated yet full of

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dignity and decorations, in short, of exceptional power. In them, too, I felt that which I love, the play of distinguished draughtsmanship. I must speak finally of the firmly drawn and solidly painted portraits by Leopold Seyffert, shown at the Hackett Gallery, and the striking portraits and pictures, vivid in color, which Maurice Fromkes had at the Milch Gallery. These were exhibitions well detaching themselves from current routine.

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Divers other incidents crowd upon my memory. There was the fine memorial show at the Brooklyn Museum which revived interest in the sterling art of the late Walter Shirlaw. There was the smaller affair at the Babcock Gallery which rendered a similar service to the late Thomas Eakins. At the Knoedler Gallery was a glorious group of Renoirs. Rosenbach, the bookseller, who has added an art gallery to his premises, inaugurated it with a brilliant display of bronzes by the late Emile Antoine Bourdelle. Foreign sculpture, in fact, has been uncommonly well represented here in New York this winter. At the newly organized Fifty-sixth Street Galleries there have been groups of works by Carl Milles, Charles Despiau, Ivan Mestrovic, and Savo Botzaris. In the matter of plastic art at least the season has been marked by plenty of European reverberations. As regards the old masters we have had two important shows, that of Flemish Primitives, at the Kleinberger Gallery, to which I have alluded in an earlier number, and one of a remarkable group of paintings by the German Lucas Cranach, at the Van Diemen Gallery. But the most interesting episode, in a sense, where the old masters are concerned, was the shipping of the American contributions to that great Italian show at Burlington House on which I dwelt not long ago. Sir Joseph Duveen got a glittering company of masterpieces together from such collectors as Pierpont Morgan, Clarence H. Mackay, Jules Bache, Martin W. Ryerson, Ralph Booth, and Henry Goldman, and borrowed the celebrated Pollaiuolo from Yale University, as well as precious things from other institutions. America played her part well in the Flemish and Dutch exhibitions in London and she has again risen beautifully to a memorable occasion.

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These notes constitute a rapid survey of what has chiefly occupied haunters of the galleries since October. Also they terminate the series which I began in this place six years ago and have continued ever since. As the publishers have announced, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE henceforth appears without illustrations and hence "The Field of Art" comes to an end. I cannot let it go without expressing my thanks to the readers whose sympathy and appreciation have added much to an always delightful task. Many of them have written me letters which it has been an intense pleasure to receive. They have been a happy reward for happy labors and I have especially valued their friendliness to my articles of faith in art—honest workmanship, truth, and beauty.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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